

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Mr. Marter in his speech in London was quite justifiable in his reference to the Tammany methods of the Ontario Government. They may be glossed over with more "evidences of Christianity" than those of Mayor Crocker and the blackmailing policemen, but really it is not much worse for an official to do blackmailing on his own account than for a government to do it systematically. The forcing of saloonkeepers to pay the policeman on the beat so much per annum in order to prevent their houses being raided on account of illegal selling, is only a shade more despicable than the plan of forcing liquor men to subscribe to election funds. One, of course, is done by an obscure patrolman, the other by a Christian statesman; they are both alike beneath contempt, and while the moral wave in New York has endeavored to make it impossible for the policeman to continue to ply his trade, so if there be a moral wave in Ontario it should sweep in the direction of keeping Sir Oliver Mowat's Government from utilizing the same weapon for practically the same purpose.

I am glad for the city's sake that the enquiry just adjourned has not implicated thirteen aldermen, while bringing the guilt of the nasty affair home to one. The prudence and consideration of his Honor Judge McDougall and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt in refusing to stain the names of the thirteen "ticked" aldermen by divulging all they knew, is in sharp contrast to the eagerness with which the daily papers sought to obtain these names and advertise them in a sensational and damaging connection. I think I am not going too far in saying that there is not a daily newspaper in the town that would not have printed the list had they been able to obtain it. It would have been considered a "scoop" on the others. A "scoop" is the obtaining of an item of popular interest by one paper while another is unable to get it. In order to obtain these so-called scoops it seems to me many a reputation is ruined and many a family made unhappy. There is no advantage to anybody but to the few who make the few extra pennies obtained by the sale of the paper, for on second thought even the careless reader will feel that he is being regaled with an item which should never have appeared in a public journal.

Let it be remembered that Judge McDougall and Mr. Nesbitt are to be thanked for this gentlemanly reticence. Were it not for such a praiseworthy adherence to the proprieties which are apt to be forgotten even in court-rooms, I should feel sorry indeed to see the investigation extended in the direction of what has become historical almost in the sense of ancient history. The lapse of time will naturally excuse witnesses for not being able to remember. Investigation into such occurrences which verge upon the time that is known in law as the period anterior to which the memory of man runneth not, is apt to be more or less fruitless. However, if conducted with the same spirit of fairness and with the idea of mixing nobody's name in a nasty mess that cannot be cleared up, it may do good and it cannot do harm. There are not two more upright and straightforward gentlemen in Toronto than the prosecutor and the judge, and, let it be added, none more able; therefore, we can safely trust this delicate matter in their hands. With a court otherwise constituted I should most seriously object to spading over old graves in search of bones. As it is, it is to be hoped that the court will find sufficient to repay its labors and make it public enough to frighten the ratepayers from the evil system of marking ballots for good fellows, regardless of the city's interests or the probity of men who are offering themselves for public position. Unfortunately, everything but commercial honesty and capacity is scrutinized when the name of a man is being canvassed. That a man is a teetotaler or a class-leader or free from social vices that meet with public contumely, is not enough. Many men give vent to the badness that is in them in directions which do not derange their sense of commercial honor or the sanctity of a trust; others preserve their propriety socially and let their evil find its escape valve by being commercially crooked. There are plenty whose

remarkable record is open to the public, whose absolute honesty has been always unquestioned, whose position would forbid the thought of boodling, and the electors should set themselves in search of such men with an idea of preventing any future scandals, which are not only detrimental to the reputation of "Toronto the Good," but are exceedingly injurious to its commercial interests and the re-establishment of real estate at proper prices. No great good can come from the prolonged and unsystematic exhuming of the corpses that have been interred; the only good that we can hope for is to make an example of those who are ready to our hand and let this bad odor die out as soon as possible.

aided "paying dirt." The fact that it is dirt should make Toronto disinclined to have a prolonged exhibition on the part of the exploring party. I have always objected to an attempt to advertise ourselves as "Toronto the Good," because we are just as bad as other cities, and I equally object to any performance that will advertise us as "Toronto the Bad," because we are just as good as other cities.

Ald. Stewart, who has been pronounced guilty of what should seem to him and to his constituents and the general public as a dirty, low-down scheme of blackmailing those who have dealings with the corporation, should have resigned at once and should be prosecuted. A man can be esteemed a good fellow by very

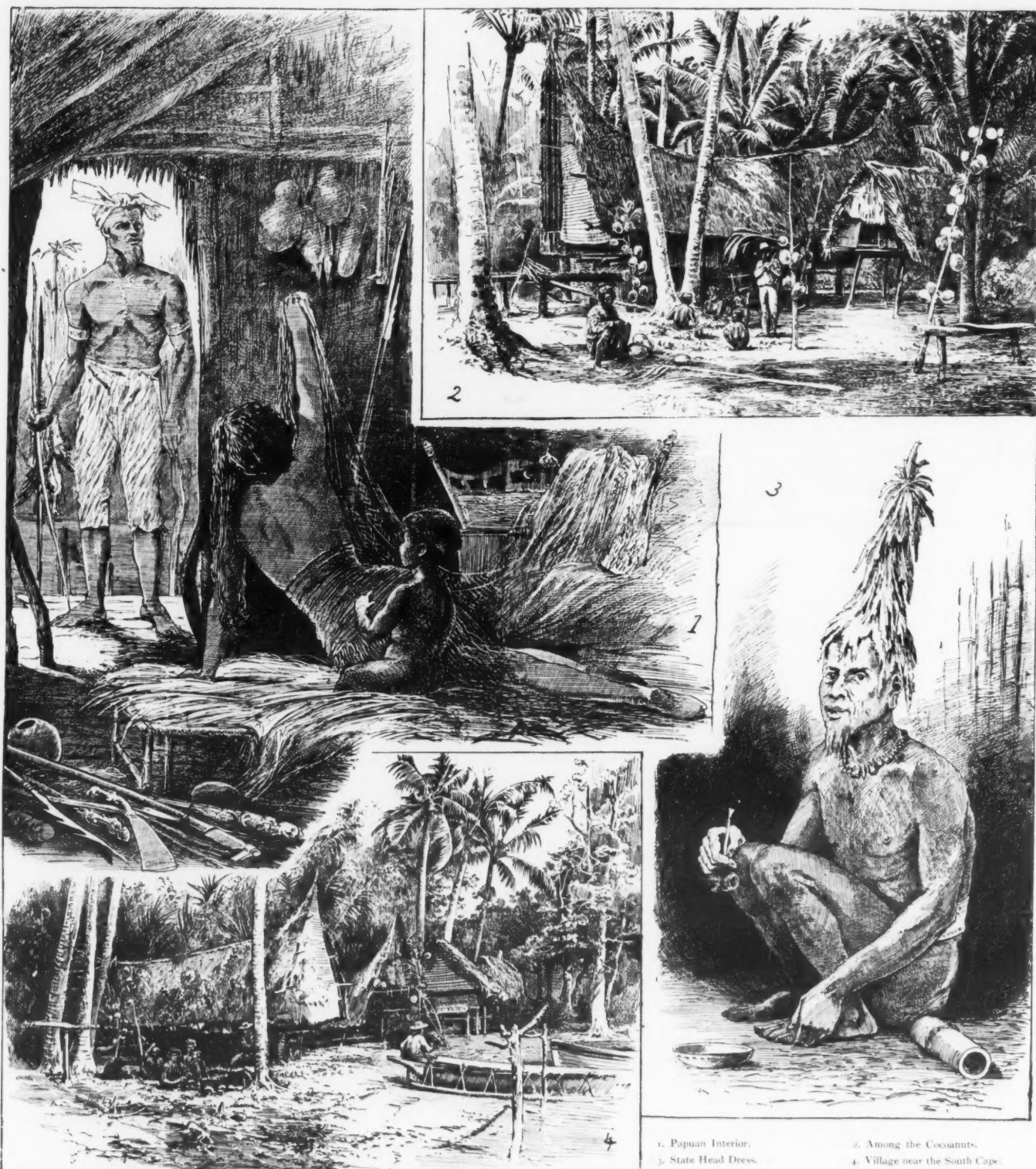
cern his honor, his probity and his self-respect as dearly as a woman could consider her virtue. If his associates see fit to condone his offence they must not be surprised if they are suspected of being in the same class with the man himself.

I am informed that Ald. Stewart's place in public life is another example of the misguided zeal of our Methodist brethren. Unless my informants are quite at sea, he was recommended from the pulpit of the Woodgreen Methodist church as a proper man to elect, and the pastor gave thanks that one Christian alderman had been elected in No. 1. If this be true, it is but an example of how political persons can make very serious mistakes. All

One of the most cynically delightful occupations of those who do not believe in the general goodness and sincerity of the press, has been found in the perusal of the articles in some of the newspapers denouncing indecent show bills. Make no mistake, I am not advocating or excusing the villainous exhibitions made on the dead walls of the city by itinerant companies that have no more business to be in existence than a peripatetic pest-house. SATURDAY NIGHT has never commended these performances, and if any paper in the city has done its duty to the public it has been this one, for it has been ready in its denunciation of improper plays and suggestive dialogue. This journal is quite willing to go into a competition with the so-called orthodox dailies as to

which has poured the hottest shot into the camp of these groups of melodramatic filth peddlers. Almost always the daily follows the advertisement; the dramatic critic of SATURDAY NIGHT has followed the idea of defending the theater and making his position tenable by denouncing what is wrong. When some of these newspapers, however, denounce the dirty advertisements—because they are dirty, disreputable and should never be allowed on the fences and bill boards—it is quite a study to examine their own advertising columns and see the improper things they advertise there. You can find in the majority of them advertisements which are intended to affect criminal results, if they mean anything, though the general supposition is that they are frauds. In one of them you could this week find a picture of a girl dressed as a boy, without a tittle of reason for the prank, except incipient lewdness. What a bad suggestion, too, such a picture and article must be to the unformed minds of the girls in the homes to which that paper goes! If we are to have censors in Toronto, let them go over the advertising columns of these newspapers, as well as the bills that are pasted on the boards. A showman has some excuse for exaggerating, but a newspaper that will in cold blood insert advertisements that have no other meaning than an attack upon the whole basic principle of society, has not the slightest right in the world to utter a word of protest. The subject is not a pleasant one, and yet how can those who observe the course of these journals be impressed by any plea for morality when the proprietors themselves are the most glaring sinners in the city in respect to accepting a profitable advertisement for an indecent scheme!

It is pleasant to have amongst us a man whose digestion is so perfect and whose experience has taught him to rely so implicitly upon his methods that his livelihood is sure. Mr. Moody is a great evangelist. I remember hearing him and being impressed by his preaching and Mr. Sankey's singing nearly twenty years ago. I think he is a treat to all those who like that sort of thing, yet I do not think it very extraordinary to succeed in evangelization by means of a good digestion and a great store of animal magnetism and good nature, coupled with a great fund of common sense. It is delightful to have such people with us, either religiously or socially; it is a pleasure for people to listen to such a man, or to know him, yet we must draw the line at this point. Surely the spirit of God is not dependent upon being invoked by gentlemen whose personal attractiveness is as great as that of Mr. Moody. It is generally held that in His infinite goodness the Almighty seeks to make us all worthy of eternal life. We are told that His word is sufficient for instruction and reproof, and it is one of the oddities of orthodoxy that clergymen are perhaps more revived than their congregations by the presence of a revivalist of Mr. Moody's great ability. It seems to me to reflect upon the sufficiency of the Holy Spirit when ministers group themselves about a man and are warmed up to a fervor which their personal piety seems insufficient to create in the absence of a professional gentleman of Mr. Moody's strength. To whom, then, are we to look for this periodical stirring of the waters? Has it become, as of old, that every once in a while the pool is to be disturbed that lepers may be cleansed, while at other times even the first who casts himself into the bosom of the waters finds no forgiveness? I think the principle is wrong. Unless we admit the claim



NEW GUINEA.

Of course it is an important factor in this investigation business to have some idea how much it will cost. Toronto is no more prepared for an interminable boodle investigation than it is for the boodling itself. An interminable enquiry such as has been authorized by the City Council will run into a very large sum of money if continued at the will of those to whom the profit will accrue. The public will have a right to expect that oil must be struck every day and a flowing well of information reached within a week by those who have the matter in charge, or else there will be a clamor for the whole business to cease and even the discoveries made will be discredited by the discontented people who have to pay the bill. In mining terms, which perhaps may not be very familiar in Ontario, it may be said that the court should "wash no dirt that does not pay." Nothing can damage the findings already before the public more than a prolonged and expensive pawing over of what is not con-

manly and decent comrades and acquaintances, who gets too deeply into debt or who becomes entangled in those affairs which socially are not considered unforfeitable, but no man has a right to hold up his head and look honest men in the face who prostitute a public trust and become an aldermanic harlot. If the gentlemen who sit with him in the Fire and Light Committee are pleased to accept his chairmanship after he has been declared impure, they must accept the stigma which will naturally attach to themselves of being more or less in the same boat with him. It is the custom of decent men to repudiate people who make a business of selling their honor and disregarding all the conventionalities of public life. It is this same disregard socially that makes the scarlet woman an objectionable person. Perhaps the people treat her too harshly; she certainly deserves better treatment than a masculine specimen who is commercially open to approach in matters that should con-

men do not go to class-meeting or attend church, and it is quite possible for the pastor to thrust into public position men who, if they relied upon the votes of business men who have had an opportunity to study a business record, would never sit in a chair in the City Council nor enjoy any share in any public function. I do not urge this as a proof that the profession of religion corrupts a man, because anyone who took such ground would be most offensive and unjust; what I do urge is, that there is no church in the world that unconsciously permits itself to be used by demagogues and improper people to further their own interests as much as this very dominant denomination. They should be exceedingly cautious when praying for the sins of someone whose name is not on their list of the elect, or damning him by their criticisms, and on the other hand thanking God for somebody who has no claim on their respect or confidence except that he is a member of their organization.

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of modern inspiration and the raising up of prophets who are to frighten us, and preachers who are to teach us outside of the routine of our religious life—if we have any, of course—it seems not only strange but unsettling to the public mind that a man should periodically come to us to teach the preachers as well as to preach to the people.

I am inclined to think that the preachers are wrong and should know all these things themselves, and do all these things themselves, or else we are putting plowmen in the pulpit, as too frequently we put louts in law and dullards in medicine. These demonstrations, however, are disturbing to a greater extent than the preachers imagine. Are we to wait for these things? Are we to sit about the pool waiting to see who can first enter it when Moody disturbs the waters? Are we to trust to the preachers or are we to look to God's Word itself? My own opinion is—and it is perhaps not sanctified by a very glorious example, yet it is maintained by a very firm belief—that it is maintained by the revelation that God has made to us we can find plenty of advice, of inspiration, of the most uplifting spirituality. That we disregard it and wait for these periodical performances is the fault of the system of religion and is the outcome of creeds. Without these, would we not be better off? Would we not still cling to the Book? Would we not with trembling fingers ourselves look over those pages to find the restful things that are promised to those who are pure enough to meet God? I think if these things were talked to us a little more than the persuasiveness of any ordinary man would be sufficient to guide us in the direction of being good for our own contentment, of being thoughtful of our own future—and let us picture it for ourselves. I think we rely too much on these extraneous influences, lean too much on what somebody tells us about something that he understands no more than we do ourselves. I am glad to read of souls being saved and brands being plucked from the burning, by Mr. Moody or anybody else, but I am always impressed with the idea that this sort of thing tends to incline souls to wait for somebody to snatch them out of danger, and leads other embers to contentedly burn at the ends with an unreasoning and unhappy belief that somebody will some day come and snatch them away.

In spite of the protests of those who should know best, Ottawa seems to persist in its attempt to have a snow-pole and a carnival, and that sort of thing. When Goldwin Smith described it as a lumbering village covered with snow, he was perhaps unjust; yet, if they are not content with the position of being the capital of the entire Dominion, an honor they numerically or otherwise do not deserve, and insist on advertising us as a frost-bitten and fur-clad people, who are fortunate in having a fire and would be dead if we were not provided with a certain amount of greasy food per annum, they deserve the reprobation of the entire people and press of Canada. If they persist in this scheme any further, I would make this suggestion, that never another word be said about Ottawa's carnival by any newspaper that cares for the good of this country. If they want a carnival, let them carnival by themselves. The newspapers can ignore it, and, by refusing to mention the thing, make it a distinct and absolute failure; and if they do not adopt this process, we will always have some "enterprising" cities undertaking to disgrace Canada for the sake of filling a few bar-rooms and gaining a few guests.

DON.

Money Matters.

C. P. R. stock is strong. The earnings for the month of October were \$2,161,000 showing an increase over the corresponding month of last year, \$27,000.

G. T. R. traffic returns for the month of October have the same monotonous, melancholy refrain, \$1,631,787; decrease, as compared with the corresponding month of last year, \$275,332.

The Bank of Montreal has issued the half-yearly statement, showing the net profits for the six months to be \$604,862.10, as compared with \$635,010.86 for the corresponding half year in 1893, being a decrease of \$30,148.76. They have declared the usual half-yearly dividend of 5 per cent., because fully 5 per cent. has been earned upon the paid-up capital stock of twelve millions, but they do not take into account the rest of six millions.

It is a matter of simple arithmetic to find out that the net earnings on their whole capital are only 3.36 per cent. for the half year, or at the rate of 6.72 per cent. per annum. The net earnings for last year on the same basis were 7.33 per cent. So investors can see the great purchase that is given to a Bank when no dividend is required to be paid upon the rest account, and when the amount is actually one-half of the paid-up capital.

The sale of the Acme Silver Company has at last been effected. Liquidator Clarkson, with the assistance of experts, estimated the value of the assets at \$69,000. This consisted of the factory, (comparatively new), ground, stock manufactured and unmanufactured, machinery, plant, etc. During the time that the business was carried on by the liquidator good profits were shown, and yet this concern was hawked from pillar to post for more than a year, and not a buyer could be found in Canada. At length it was sold a few days ago by public auction. The price fixed by the Master in Chancery was \$17,000 but the highest bid that could be obtained was \$16,000, and under the sanction of the Master this was accepted from the Manhattan Silver Company. We are always glad to welcome foreign capital, especially when it will prevent an important industry being closed out, and a lot of working men added to the already large number of unemployed. No better demonstration could be given of the depreciation of values and the general scarcity of money than this sale. Be it remembered, too, that the nominal equity on the buildings and ground was \$14,000. The manufactured stock is ready for the Christmas market, the machinery has been kept going and is ready to turn the unmanufactured into the manufactured stock, and yet with all these inducements the price is a mere bagatelle, and the business has fallen into the hands of a foreign firm.

There is no let-up on the extreme scarcity of money among the public this week. A great part of a man's time is taken up in futile efforts to collect money. This prevents many from voting their attention to the productive departments of business. Two years ago a section of the community lived by faith, last year on hope, and this year they are living on charity. And the least of these is charity. There are indications, however, that some slight relief may be obtained in the near future, because, as I learn from the Hon. Mr. Foster, the Canadian Banks got no share of the Dominion loan, although New York Banks did. One result is that the excessive competition which for some time has existed between Banks for deposits

may now cease to a great extent. There will likely be a lowering of the rate of interest on deposits, and this should naturally be followed by easier terms for the long-suffering public, who wish to get some money in their hands. It would be such pleasure after pain.

Bank stocks are, as a rule, steady, with the exception of a disinclination to the price of the Canadian Bank of Commerce shares, which was due to exceptional circumstances. The loan and savings companies are not in much demand. Montreal Street Railway stock is still rising, and Montreal Gas stock is as firm as ever.

Our article of last week regarding debentures has been very favorably criticized, and therefore I have much pleasure in laying before our readers a list of the places in Ontario which intend to issue debenture bonds.

Collingwood asks for \$7,000, \$2,000 maturing in 1913, and \$5,000 in 1916, bearing 5 per cent. interest per annum. This is a bright town with a population of five thousand; has an extensive shipping trade, and can accommodate the largest steamers on the lakes; deals largely in lumber, grain and leather, very enterprising, and in the opinion of the inhabitants, there is no place in the Dominion equal to it.

London intends to issue \$20,000, maturing 1914, and bearing interest 4 per cent. per annum. These bonds are for the library. The Forest City, with \$3,000 of a population, would feel hurt if any remarks were made derogatory to their financial position. I may say this, however, that this money that is wanted for the library is one of the indications that the Metropolitan Capital of the West is beginning to recover from the serious commercial disasters of a few years ago.

Beamsville wants \$15,000 for water works, to be paid annually, for thirty years, and bearing interest at 5 per cent. The population of this town is only 900, but they are hard workers. There are extensive quarries of excellent limestone, agricultural implements, factories, brick works and mills, and who can gainsay their demand for water works?

Harrison wants \$3,000, payable annually for thirty years and bearing interest at 5 per cent. The population of 2,000 deals pretty extensively in grain, flour, live stock, agricultural implements, etc., but why don't they state what they wish this \$3,000 for?

I see that the proposed electric railway between Preston and Berlin has been killed by a mass meeting of farmers, because they were afraid that it would do away largely with their horses. It is the same old story. The farmers in England opposed the introduction of railways with this same objection, but the result was that more horses than ever were required. Now can the Canadian farmer not divine the electric spirit of the age and look beyond his horse's nose, and understand that there will be shorter trips for his horses? He could get more work out of them, and spend more time on his farm and increase his production because of the facilities given for the rapid transit. He must produce more and more for outside markets if he intends to be free from the grasp of loan companies. There will be no harm in the schoolmaster getting abroad among those Preston and Berlin farmers. Anyone who has ever been in Berlin can appreciate the pride which these farmers have in their fine horses, and if they would just emulate the enlightened and public-spirited citizens of these two towns they would quickly reverse their judgment.

Montreal real estate is not going so fast this year as last year. In October, 1893, 113 transfers were registered, valued at \$572,365.51. In October, 1894, of 113 transfers registered, the values were only \$287,415.06. The mortgage loans run mostly from 5 to 6 per cent., and very few from 7 to 10 per cent. It looks as if real estate in Montreal were following the lead of Toronto, for I have a letter from a capitalist in Montreal who says that neither he nor his friends wish to have anything more to do, in the meantime, with real estate.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald were at home at Dunedin on Monday afternoon to a very smart circle of friends, whom they welcomed with that happy cordiality which ensures pleasure to their guests. I have before remarked on the number of beautiful children one sees on St. George street, and two perfect little cherubs are the grandchildren of Dunedin, little Flora and Fred Macdonald. On Monday the tiny Scot, in kilts and curls, was the darling of his mother and grandmother's guests, and made the prettiest of pictures as he received their embarrassing compliments, while his elder sister encircled him with an encouraging arm. Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Montzambert, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Brock, Mrs. Smerville, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. Wrong, Mrs. Bourlier, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Cronyn and scores of other well known people, with a bright boy of girls, were at Dunedin on Monday.

Mrs. Mitchell of St. George street gave a very large At Home on Saturday, which was conspicuous for the large number of gentlemen who braved batteries of bright eyes and ramparts of puffed sleeves, and indeed were very welcome. Mrs. Mitchell's lovely home is well adapted for a large reunion, and its capacity was thoroughly tested on Saturday. Several other teas were in progress, and guests arrived and departed constantly in a very bewildering succession, as is the fashion on a busy day. Mrs. Mitchell received in a pretty gown of turquoise and black, and from five to seven was kept busy greeting the coming and speeding the parting guests. Refreshments were daintily served in the dining room, where, even though one was smothered in sleeves and bewildered with chatter and laughter, one could admire the very elegant buffet and appreciate the invidious charm of the generous muller wine, which is so grateful on these raw and chilling afternoons. Some very smart gowns were worn at Mrs. Mitchell's reception and the whole affair went off most successfully. I am afraid I noticed the chivalrous and thoughtful courtesy of one rather young beau more than I should, but it is a treat to see one of our own boys with perfect composure and savoir faire doing his best to attend to half a dozen women in succession in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner, and more than one observant matron had a gentle word of praise for this quite unconscious personage. I am sure it would be a work of supererogation to mention names, as every man there will know the remark should apply to himself! A few of Mrs. Mitchell's guests were: Mrs. Ince and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. George Ince, Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Mrs. Crease, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Cleve Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Willmot Matthews, Dr. Peters, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. A. W. Croft, Mrs. Macfarlane and Mrs. Goulding.

A fashionable Jewish wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Holy Blossom

Synagogue. Mr. Gustave Cohn of Philadelphia was married to Miss Harriet Streamer, the daughter of Mr. Marcus Streamer of Gerrard street. The wedding was witnessed by nearly all the prominent Hebrews in this city and by many outsiders as well. Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa, Rev. A. J. Broughall of St. Stephen's church, Mayor Kennedy and other well known gentlemen were present. Rabbi Lazarus performed the wedding ceremony and Mr. Solomon acted as chanter. The bride was gowned in white satin, with a bridal veil of white tulle. Her bridesmaids were her three sisters, Misses Gertrude, Gussie and Bertha Streamer, all attired in white, with chic white hats trimmed with ostrich tips. Two little maids of honor in pink, Misses Gerlie and Essie Wolfe, carried baskets of flowers. The groomsmen were Messrs. Louis Streamer, J. Cohn and L. Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Riggs have removed to 289 Jarvis street and Mrs. Riggs will receive on Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier of 102 Wellesley street will receive the French Club this evening.

Miss Boyle, daughter of Mr. Arthur Boyle, M.P., of Danville, is the guest of Mrs. Wilson of 4 Maple avenue, Rosedale.

The engagement of Miss Macfarlane of Jarvis street to Mr. Charles Albert Johnson, Jr., of New York, is announced.

Mrs. Alfred Wright will receive next week on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 68 Lakeview avenue.

Mrs. (Justice) Rose gave one of the large Saturday teas last week for the introduction of her daughter, who came out last night at a dance given at the paternal residence. Among the guests at the tea were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Small, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. James Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Smerville, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Featherston Osler, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ridout, Mrs. Riddell and many other well known people.

A very sad occurrence, which touched the hearts of hosts of friends, was the death of beautiful Miss Mathilde Chopitea on Thursday morning. The mournful news came as a shock to her friends, who had scarcely realized her danger until her bright young life was ended. Loving, accomplished and winning above the ordinary, she had endeared herself to all who knew her, and her death has cast a shadow over many a kind heart. It occurred at the Rossin House, after a severe attack of fever. The loving sympathy of many friends is with Mrs. Chopitea in her hour of bereavement.

A young people's whist party was given on Tuesday by the Misses Taylor of Florsheim.

Mrs. Jack Murray and Mrs. Willmot Matthews are two hostesses of this afternoon who are sure to make their guests happy.

Mrs. A. C. McConnell will be at home at 157 Close avenue on Friday afternoon and evening, Nov. 23 and afterwards on the second and fourth Fridays.

Mr. Clarence Stanbury, who has been spending a few weeks in the city, returned to New York on Monday.

Mrs. G. W. Grant, 119 Spencer avenue, who has been seriously ill for the last four weeks, is slowly recovering, though still confined to her room.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron's many friends are charmed to welcome her home to Toronto.

Mrs. Cattanaich is settled in her comfortable abode at 51 Elm avenue. A large number of old friends found their way to welcome her on Monday afternoon and to greet her sweet young daughter as well. Mrs. Cattanaich has chosen the first and second Mondays as her reception days.

Mrs. Warwick of Sunningholme gives a luncheon on Tuesday next for her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Warwick, who is one of the season's brides.

The graduation exercises of the nurses' class of 1893-94 will take place on Tuesday evening at the General Hospital, when the sweet, wise maidens in caps and aprons will receive their diplomas.

Mrs. Quinn of 14 Elgin avenue gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening last. Mrs. Hinds of Hazelton avenue and Mr. P. O'Brien of the Parliament buildings were the successful ones.

Mrs. Roberts' tea on Thursday of last week was very successful and a large number of smart people were present. Mrs. and Miss Lockhart, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. Swaby, Mrs. Strickland, the Misses Montgomery, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, and Messrs. Cawthra, Hart, Rykert and many others were of the number.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie left on Thursday for a short visit to New York and the Horse Show.

Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong gave a tea on Thursday for Miss Louise Brown, the sweet visitor from Montreal, who has won so many hearts in Toronto.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Grenville street entertained at dinner on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Ryerson gave a luncheon yesterday.

Mrs. Thompson of Grosvenor street gives a tea this afternoon.

Mrs. Burns of Rusholme road entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Vankoughnet of John street gave a pretty tea on Thursday afternoon.

Justice and Mrs. Ferguson were at home on Wednesday evening to a very large number of guests, and Eastlawn was transformed into the old-time well known ball-room, with covered-in balconies and cosy nooks in every

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15,000 People

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IT MUST

BE GOOD

corner. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson are perfect hosts and made their guests thoroughly at home and happy. Corlett's orchestra played very beautifully and the ball-room floor was in perfect order, a condition which has been somewhat lacking in many of our dancing floors this season. Several visitors to Toronto lent added brilliancy to the charming hall by their bright personality and exquisite toilettes. Madame Albertini, who made so many friends in Cobourg last summer, and who is stopping for a short visit on Isabella street, was magnificently gowned in white satin with gold and jewel embroidery, and looked very handsome. Her daughter, Miss Cornell, is a perfect blonde, and wore a simple gown of white silk and Spanish flounce of white lace, with *berthe* of dark green velvet. Many of the gowns were the same as those worn at the Yacht Club ball. Mrs. Cosby wore a rich brocade; Mrs. Willie Davidson a lovely pale fawn brocade in tiny white figures; Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont, always graceful and distinguished women, were in corn-cob and white satin brocade and cream gauze. Mrs. F. A. Anglin was in white silk; Mrs. Douglas Armour, a pale yellow silk and chiffon; Mrs. E. D. Armour, in white with black velvet; Mrs. Shepley wore heliotrope silk and lovely white lace; Miss Meredith was in black with pale pink; Mrs. J. J. Kingmill was handsomely gowned in black; Miss Amy Beatty wore a pretty gown of fawn and pale blue; Mrs. Alfred Cameron was lovely in white satin and canary velvet, with a very smart French bodice; Mrs. A. W. Anglin looked beautiful and winning in a white satin gown that suggested orange blossoms; Mrs. Moss was in black lightly touched with yellow; Mrs. Hilton looked well in white and cerise ribbons; Mrs. Reginald Capreole was charming in pale blue and white; Mrs. Drayton wore black silk and lace; Mrs. Wood of Wenoo was handsomely gowned in black, with some fine jewels; Mrs. Will Huston was in white; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth wore corn color and white brocade satin and duchess lace; Miss Bessie Macdonald, a sweetly pretty dress of chiffon and ribbons and silver spangles, and Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, pale blue striped gauze; Mrs. Gus Bolte wore a pink gown with smart little coat of striped crepe and satin; Mrs. Holmstead was in black silk and lace. There were any number of young people in the popular garb of the *debutante*, and fair maidens in every delicate shade known to *la mode*. It was an extremely pretty and attractive dance and, as usual at Eastlawn, stiffness and formality were *taboo*. I missed Mrs. Ferguson from Rosedale, whom I am grieved to hear has been quite seriously ill. The party broke up about two o'clock after a sumptuous supper and a most delightful evening.

Among the *debutantes* at the R. C. Y. C. ball was Miss Clorinda McArthur, who looked sweet in a gown of white silk chiffon and pearls. Miss Jean McArthur wore a chic gown of black and white.

Rev. John and Mrs. Goodman of Orangeville are visiting their son at 578 Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Robert Davies had a large dance on Thursday evening, which, as is the rule with affairs given by this cordial hostess, was a very enjoyable reunion.

Mrs. Charles Morrison gave an afternoon tea on Thursday.

Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing*, New York, was in town for a short time on Monday.

The members of the Island Nicotine Club had an enjoyable whist party at the residence of the controller of the mint of the club, Mr. Chas. Goldman, Sherbourne street, on Friday evening of last week. The orchestra was called upon for several selections, which were much appreciated, and the time passed away so pleasantly that the hour for breaking up came only too soon. Mr. Chas. McNaught

was elected a member and appointed to the position of Superintendent of the Casino. The members present were: Messrs. C. E. Goldman, A. J. Rolph, J. G. Merrick, E. B. Price, R. E. Gagen, H. Y. McNaught, E. L. Tyner, H. M. Price and W. A. Bradshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue gave a dinner party on Thursday evening of last week. Miss Kingsmill was one of the fair *debutantes* at the Yacht Club ball and looked very graceful and pretty in a white frock with satin ribbons.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld entertained at dinner on Thursday evening. Covers were laid for twenty.



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Have just received some special lines in Satin, Duchesse, and Brocades with 54 in. Chiffon in all colors to match.

Special prices made for Trousseaux.

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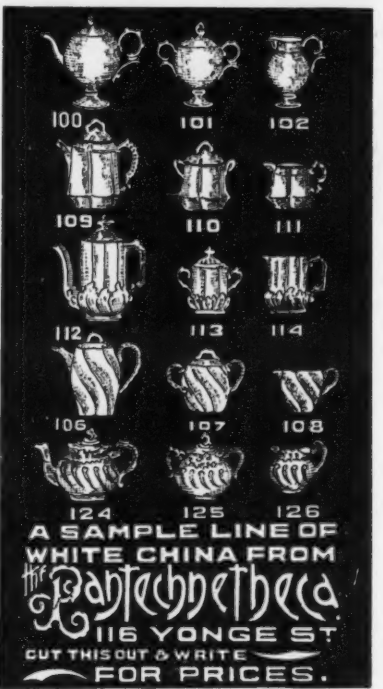
New Gloves with patent CUT THUMB.

New Lacing Gloves in all the latest shades.

New Evening Gloves in all the latest tints in Suede and Glace.

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto



A SAMPLE LINE OF WHITE CHINA FROM THE PANTHEON THECA
115 YONGE ST.
CUT THIS OUT & WRITE FOR PRICES.

ELLIS' JEWELERS

Winter Watches

FOR LADIES

In summer they would be called Tourists' Watches. You have seen them encased in fashionable leather and worn conveniently as a bracelet at the wrist, where the little time-piece may be consulted at a glance. They are especially appropriate for the winter, and decided favorites as presents. And the variety of styles at this store and our prices prove very attractive to buyers.

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Toronto's Leading Diamond House

Established 21 Years.

15 and 16 Holborn Viaduct, London.

TORONTO—3 KING ST. EAST

THE J. E. ELLIS CO., LTD.

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Chafing Dishes

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King & Victoria Sts.

TORONTO

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Social and Personal.



HE much anticipated ball given by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club took place on Friday, November 9, with more than the usual eclat and success. The transformation wrought by Foster & Pender in the spacious barrenness of the Granite Rink needed to be seen to be believed. The ceiling was a varied expanse of red, white and blue bunting and flags; the galleries were draped and hung with lace and silk, while a double stairway at the east end led up from the ball-room to the shaded promenade behind the pretty hangings, where one might enjoy a quiet *tele-a-tele* and criticize the hundreds of dancers below. Between the stairways was the dais, arranged in the most delightfully nautical form, simulating the deck of a yacht, with wheel, binnacle and mast, with neatly-furled sails complete, even to a dissipated-looking little light dimly blinking aloft. Under the galleries were temporary boudoirs, each quite apart from its next-door neighbor, and each dedicated to the honor of some particular yacht and furnished in pretty style by the yachtmen of the craft. Orlo boudoir was made fine with a model of that fast yacht, and a great abundance of sumptuous chairs, lounges and cushions. The Condor's anchorage was next door, with the ship's log, the oil lantern aglow, and the ship's clock, which struck seven and light bells in great style to the delight of the merry crowd. Neither lantern nor lamp was in the most popular anchorage of all, where the friends of the Vreda did congregate, but dim mysterious twilight, and easy-chairs and screens of bamboo and silk, and subdued voices, and such swarms of smart women and pretty girls, who thronged about the portals and glanced up at the portrait of Commodore Boswell, which hung as a sort of benign chaperon overhead. The Vreda's Brownies have lost several shades of their tan since they sailed for the last time into Toronto Bay, but they carried out the traditions of their kind by having their anchorage unlit, and were in very way quite deserving of their overwhelming popularity. Zelma "moorings" adjoined Vreda and was another daintily appointed rendezvous. Vedette was in the north-east corner and Kelpie in the south near the entrance. Aileen was, of course, very popular and very prettily arranged. These quaint little trying-places were a decided feature of interest and, as a scheme at once *apropos* and pleasant, were a charming success. Next to the decorations came the music, which was excellent, and the supper, which was elegantly served by Webb in the west rink. A large central table, around which Arthur and his knights might have been glad to feast, was handsomely set with a silver centerpiece, and the proper complement of wax candles for the celebration of the Prince of Wales' birthday; flowers and fruits were artistically arranged, and the specially honored guests were seated around the vast circle of twinkling, rosy lights, sparkling glass and shining silver. Numerous small tables decorated with chrysanthemums were surrounded by groups of merry-makers, who used for five minutes' rest and a taste of oyster soup, game, and other good.

The west end of the supper-room was partitioned off as a sort of entrance hall, and dances were promised and rendezvous arranged before the serious business of the ball. Glionna's orchestra played in the supper-room. The forebodings of many that the Granite Rink would be a cold and draughty place for the ball were fortunately not fulfilled, for four monster furnaces more than performed



Unapproachable Prices in Black Dress Goods

NOTHING more reliable than a black dress, if you be made sure the stock is reliable. It's always so here. and see these prices.

42 in. All-wool French Cloth, worth 60c., for.....	35c
42 in. All-wool French Twill, worth 60c., for.....	35c
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46 in. All-wool Silk Finish Henrietta, actual value 75c., for.....	65c
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Order these goods by mail if out of town.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto
Entrance—Yonge St.; Entrance—Queen St.
Store Nos. 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street
1 and 3 Queen Street West

their duty of keeping up the temperature, in fact, were quite unduly conscientious in the matter during the first part of the evening. "Who is the belle?" is a question often heard during the progress of a swagger public ball. Opinion differed on Friday, and a visitor disputed the palm with a dazzling Toronto blonde, who shall both be nameless, for everyone can guess their identity. In the opening quadrille, which was danced just before the nautical dais, in very generous proportions and much splendor, the Lieutenant Governor danced with Mrs. Boswell and Mrs. Kirkpatrick with Commodore Boswell. Double sides and ends were filled in by prominent yachtmen and members of the smart set, with the scarlet uniforms of the Dragons and blue and silver of the Body Guard relieving the Yacht Club's natty garb. Among the guests were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick in black with violets; Miss Kirkpatrick in pink poplin and white lace; Captain Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Boswell in black velvet and point lace; Mrs. Gooderham in mauve and gray brocade, with some fine diamonds; Mrs. Bruce Harman was in a lovely pink gown; Mrs. John D. Hay in prune velvet and silk with veillings of prune gauze and white point lace; Miss Hendrie in pink silk; Mrs. Gus Bolte in a charming gown of white satin embroidered with pearls; Mrs. Cecil Gibson in opal silk with pink chiffon and shoulder straps of French roses; Miss May Walker, very sweetly gowned in a lovely pink frock and coffee to perfection; Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong in soft white silk and lace; Miss Louise Brown of Montreal, a delightfully pretty debutante in white; Mrs. William Mackenzie in pink moire with leaves of cut jet appliques; Miss Arthur in a faultlessly made gown of pale blue moire; Miss Bunting in white satin; Miss Gzowski in a charming white gown with gold passementerie; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was also in white satin, with a graceful pointed Watteau train; Mrs. Buchanan looked bright and charming in a very becoming gown; Mrs. Grace wore a rich white brocade that was exquisite in cut and exceedingly becoming; the Misses Mackenzie wore ideal debutante frocks of soft clinging white, with pearls and delicate white blossoms; Miss Wallbridge and Miss Alice Thompson were also snow-maidens, and looked well; Mrs. Wallbridge was in heliotrope and white striped silk and point lace, and had a cosy chaperone's corner in Vreda anchorage, as had Mesdames Drayton and Mackenzie; Miss Drayton looked well in pink brocade; Mrs. Gibson, whose moorings were Zelma-way, looked well in yellow; Mrs. Hardwell in black and buttercup; and pretty Miss Capon in green and silver, were under the wing of Kelpie; Mrs. Drayton wore black silk and white brocade; Miss Benson of Port Hope wore green striped silk; Miss Cawthra wore one of the prettiest of the many white satin gowns; Mrs. James Carruthers wore black with cerise flowers; Miss Conoverton wore a turquoise blue silk; Mrs. Ed. Cox, who seems to have quite recovered her health and to be her old bright self again, was in gray brocade with cerise bows; Mrs. Fred Cox wore a lovely white moire; Miss Katie Stevenson was sweetly gowned in white and silver brocade and silk; Mrs. Galbraith wore a quaint little gown of white silk and brown velvet, with mink fur, and looked very pretty; Miss Amy Beatty was in light striped silk; Miss Carrie Sanders wore deep pink with white lace berthe; Mrs. Harry Paterson wore a very smart gown of cream silk with fur bordering; Mrs. Beverley Robinson was in black; Miss Robinson wore white satin and pearls; Mrs. Remy Elmslie was a very handsome chaperone in pale gray brocade; her two daughters were gowned in white with prettily arranged berthes of deep white lace, in which blonde and brunette were equally charming; Miss Alice Milligan wore black with velvet sleeves *en pouf* and handsome white lace berthe; Miss Meredith was in a brilliant red gown of silk and gauze, which suited her a merveille; Miss Ferguson of Eastlawn wore black net and silk with jet; Miss Helen Ferguson was in pink with green velvet bows; Mrs. Charles Moss wore a very rich gown of gray brocade; Miss Moss was in white; Miss Davidson was in pink silk, her sister in turquoise blue, two very pretty and becoming gowns; Mrs. Montisambert wore a rich black silk; Miss Montisambert, delicate green silk and gauze. A host of fluttering debutantes in white made their *entree* at this ball and seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and a goodly number of visitors lent their welcome presence to the occasion. I am glad to hear that the yachtmen managed the ball successfully in a financial aspect, and that in every way it may be greeted as a complete success. I think perhaps a word of commendation is due also to the army of maids in the ladies' retiring-rooms, who managed things in an unusually systematic and satisfactory manner in spite of the very crowded quarters.

Welford W. Beaton of Winnipeg arrived in Toronto this week to enter newspaper work here. Mr. Beaton is well known in the West as the Red Ransom of the Winnipeg Saturday

Night, and over that name has contributed various articles to American magazines.

The Berlin and Waterloo Club Cavendish was reorganized on Saturday evening last with Mr. W. H. Riddell, president; Mr. Alex. Millar, 2nd vice-president, and Mr. O. S. Clarke, secretary-treasurer. This club has done very creditable work during the past few seasons, is very progressive and may be recorded among the smartest of our prosperous modern whist associations.

The Palette Club.

Wegive four reproductions of pictures on view at the Palette Club exhibition, which opened Thursday at the rooms of Roberts & Son, King Street, and will continue until December 1. These four are among the most prominent of the new pictures on view, and the best artists are represented in this exhibition. Amongst those exhibiting are: O. R. Jacobi, Carl Ahrens, W. E. Atkinson, F. M. Bell-Smith, F. S. Challener, William Cruickshank, Harriet Ford, E. Wylly Grier, Louis Grier, C. M. Manly, Margaret Houghton, L. R. O'Brien, G. A. Reid, M. H. Reid, O. P. Staples and S. Strickland Tully.

Mrs. Suddenrich—See this! It's my new party dress, straight from Paris. Latest fashion, low neck and no back to speak of. Mr. Suddenrich—What do you want to wear that thing in public for? Mrs. Suddenrich—When folks see me in this, they'll know I'm a lady, won't they? Mr. Suddenrich—Um—I s'pose so. They'll know you're a woman, anyway.

Gas Fixtures

Our business in these goods has this year been a large and very satisfactory one, so much so that we are desirous of still farther extending it.

To do this we have decided—although our prices are quite as low as any in the city—to offer a special inducement to cash buyers in the shape of an extra 10 per cent. discount from our lowest net prices, thus making it decidedly to every buyer's interest to purchase here and so become acquainted with our facilities.

We will be pleased to supply out-of-town customers with photos and prices on application.

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187 YONGE ST.

Late Shipment

OF SEVERAL LINES OF

MANTLES

Forced us to make sweeping reductions in prices of the entire stock, to enable us to reduce the stock this month. All new goods, seasonal and fashionable, imported for our trade.
Handsome Coats, selling at \$10, regular price \$15 & \$20.
Fur-lined Circulaves at \$9.75, regular price \$15.00.
Best values shown in Toronto, 95.

THE RELIABLE MANTLE HOUSE

H. STONE & CO., 212 Yonge Street

Tons of Turkeys

Geese, Ducks
Chickens and Game

Special prices and extra quality for Thanksgiving. Choice Fruits, Fresh Vegetables, New Canned Goods, Fresh and Salt Fish, Fresh Bulk Oysters—solid meat, Blue Points and Malpeques, in shell, by the dozen or barrel.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MARKET

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For... Evening Dresses

We show choicest novelties in Silks, Gauzes, Nets, Grenadines and Crepons in newest shades.

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JAMES SCOTT & SON

Have been noted for nearly half a century past for the GREAT VARIETY, RELIABLE QUALITY and EXCELLENT VALUE of their

HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

This season their stock of medium and heavy weight goods, supplied by the best British and Canadian makers, is more complete and more varied than ever before. The range includes the finest goods imported to Canada, as well as a large number of lines of SUPERIOR QUALITY AT VERY MODERATE PRICES.

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—than a Feather Fan? What will add more to a handsome costume? We make Fans to order equal in appearance to the finest imported goods. Send us from three to six first-class Ostrich Plumes and let us show you an artistic creation.

We Clean and Dye old fans and get into them all the lightness and daintiness of new goods. We also Dye Feather Trimming. Want your boa to match your costume? Send for catalogue.

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Dyers and Cleaners

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787 and 209 Yonge Street
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...MODES...

122 King Street West

Ladies...

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Dressmaking

No. 10 WASHINGTON AVENUE
Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue.

Miss M. E. LAKEY

Formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, having just returned from the Fall openings in New York, is prepared to suit her customers in the current and incoming French, English and American styles.

Evening Gowns and Trousseau a specialty.

Mourning orders promptly attended to.

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ART NEEDLE WORK

Monday and Thursday Afternoons
Also Tuesday and Friday Mornings.

MISS FANNY PHILP, 33 Wilton Crescent.

WE invite an inspection of the latest

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Pattern Bonnets, Veilings and Millinery Novelties

Our DRESSMAKING department as usual this season will guarantee perfect satisfaction.

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'Midst The Roses WEDDING ROSES

Dunlop's Roses can be safely shipped by mail or express to any part of Ontario or Quebec. Orders to be sent by express or mail are filled with fresh flowers, cut direct from the trees. Wedding orders receive special attention. Prices given on application. Nearly 20,000 trees in bloom now.

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FOR Children, Misses and Ladies

Standard Dress Bone

UNEQUALLED in quality or price. The steel is of extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, out through at the ends or become detached.

Standard Dress Bones are put up in lengths 6 to 10 inches, also in sets.

They are recommended by leading dressmakers

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Armand's Hair and Perfumery Store

441 YONGE, cor. CARLTON
Telephone 2498.

Hair Ornaments
Latest fashionable styles.
Real Tortoise-shell, Real Amber, Real Steel, Real Jet Combs and Pins.

Fashionable Hair Dressing
Hair carefully attended to and treated after illness and fever. Gray hair colored and restored in any shade. Private parlors.

Manicure
Face Massage
and Steaming
Best treatments in the city.

Do you use perfume for your handkerchiefs? Get it at our establishment. Will not injure the skin. Harmless as water. Price \$1.50.

Finest and best French Toilet Soaps. Use no other if the complexion is to be preserved.

Capilline—For removing and destroying Superfluous Hair. World's Fair award. Best in the world. Will not injure the skin. Harmless as water. Price \$1.50.

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PEMBER'S HAIRSTORE

127 Yonge St.
For Fine Hair Goods Pember's latest styles in Parted Bangs, made in MOST IMPROVED principles. Prices, \$2.50, \$4 and \$5.

LONG HAIR SWITCHES, first quality from \$1 to \$10.

Ladies' and Gents' Head Coverings at low prices. Ladies' Hair Dressing in latest and most becoming styles for Parties, Balls, Weddings, Photos, etc.

Treatment after fevers and other diseases.

Pember's Hair and Perfumery

Diamond Hall RYRIE BROS.

Sterling Silver Table Appointments

—including the very newest in:

- CALL BELLS
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- TOAST RACKS
- PIE SERVERS
- OLIVE FORKS
- PEPPER MILLS
- SALAD SERVERS

and the thousand other table necessities of the well-appointed table. Christmas stock now complete.

Ryrie Bros. JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets

The Flowering of the Strange Orchid.

By H. G. Wells in Pall Mall Budget.

The buying of orchids always has in it a certain speculative flavor. You have before you the brown shriveled lump of tissue, and for the rest you must trust your judgment, or the auctioneer, or your good luck, as your taste may incline. The plant may be moribund or dead, or it may be just a respectable purchase, fair value for your money, or perhaps—for the thing has happened again and again—there slowly unfolds before the delighted eyes of the happy purchaser, day after day, some new variety, some novel richness, a strange twist of the labellum, or some subtler coloration or unexpected mimicry. Pride, beauty and profit blossom together on one delicate green spike, and, it may be, even immortality. For the new miracle of Nature may stand in need of a new specific name, and what so convenient as that of its discoverer? "Johannsmithia"! There have been worse names.

It was perhaps the hope of some such happy discovery that made Winter-Wedderburn such a frequent attendant at these sales—that hope, and also, maybe, the fact that he had nothing else of the slightest interest to do in the world. He was a shy, lonely, rather ineffectual man, provided with just enough income to keep off the spur of necessity, and not enough nervous energy to make him seek any exacting employments. He might have collected stamps or coins, or translated Horace, or bound books, or invented new species of diatoms. But, as it happened, he grew orchids, and had one ambitious little hothouse.

"I have a fancy," he said, over his coffee, "that something is going to happen to me to-day." He spoke—as he moved and thought—slowly.

"Oh, don't say that!" said his housekeeper, who was also his remote cousin. For "something happening" was a euphemism that meant only one thing to her.

"You misunderstand me. I mean nothing unpleasant—though what I do mean I scarcely know."

"To-day," he continued after a pause, "Peters are going to sell a batch of plants from the Andamans and the Indies. I shall go up and see what they have. It may be I shall buy something good, unawares. That may be it."

He passed his cup for his second cupful of coffee.

"Are these the things collected by that poor young fellow you told me of the other day?" asked his cousin as she filled his cup.

"Yes," he said, and became meditative over a piece of toast.

"Nothing ever does happen to me," he remarked presently, beginning to think aloud.

"I wonder why? Things enough happen to other people. There is Harvey. Only the other week, on Monday he picked up sixpence, on Wednesday his chicks all had the staggers, on Friday his cousin came home from Australia, and on Saturday he broke his ankle. What a whirl of excitement!—compared to me."

"I think I would rather be without so much excitement," said his housekeeper. "It can't be good for you."

"I suppose it's troublesome. Still . . . you see, nothing ever happens to me. When I was a little boy I never had accidents. I never fell in love as I grew up. Never married . . . I wonder how it feels to have something happen to you, something really remarkable."

"That orchid-collector was only thirty-six—twenty years younger than myself—when he died. And he had been married twice and divorced once; he had had malarial fever four times, and once he broke his thigh. He killed a Malay once, and once he was wounded by a poisoned dart. And in the end he was killed by jungle-leeches. It must have all been very troublesome, but then it must have been very interesting, you know—except, perhaps, the leeches."

"I am sure it was not good for him," said the lady with conviction.

"Perhaps not." And then Wedderburn looked at his watch. "Twenty-three minutes past eight. I am going up by the quarter to twelve train, so that there is plenty of time. I think I shall wear my alpaca jacket—it is quite warm enough—and my gray felt hat and brown shoes. I suppose—"

He glanced out of the window at the serene sky and sunlit garden, and then nervously at his cousin's face.

"I think you had better take an umbrella if you are going to London," she said in a voice that admitted of no denial.

When he returned he was in a state of mild excitement. He had made a purchase. It was rare that he could make up his mind quickly enough to buy, but this time he had done so.

"There are Vandas," he said, "and a Dendrobium and some Palaeonophis." He surveyed his purchases lovingly as he consumed his soup. They were laid out on the spotless tablecloth before him, and he was telling his cousin all about them as he slowly meandered through his dinner. It was his custom to live all his visits to London over again in the evening for her and his own entertainment.

"I knew something would happen to-day. And I have bought all these. Some of them—some of them—I feel sure, do you know, that some of them will be remarkable. I don't know how it is, but I feel just as sure as if someone had told me that some of these will turn out remarkable."

"That one"—he pointed to a shriveled rhizome—"was not identified. It may be a Palaeonophis—or it may not. It may be a new species, or even a new genus. And it was the last that poor Batten ever collected."

"I don't like the look of it," said the housekeeper. "It's such an ugly shape."

"To me it scarcely seems to have a shape."

"I don't like those things that stick out," said his housekeeper.

"It shall be put away in a pot to-morrow."

"It looks," said the housekeeper, "like a spider shamming dead."

Wedderburn smiled and surveyed the root with his head on one side. "It is certainly not a pretty lump of stuff. But you can never judge of these things from their dry appearance. It may turn out to be a very beautiful

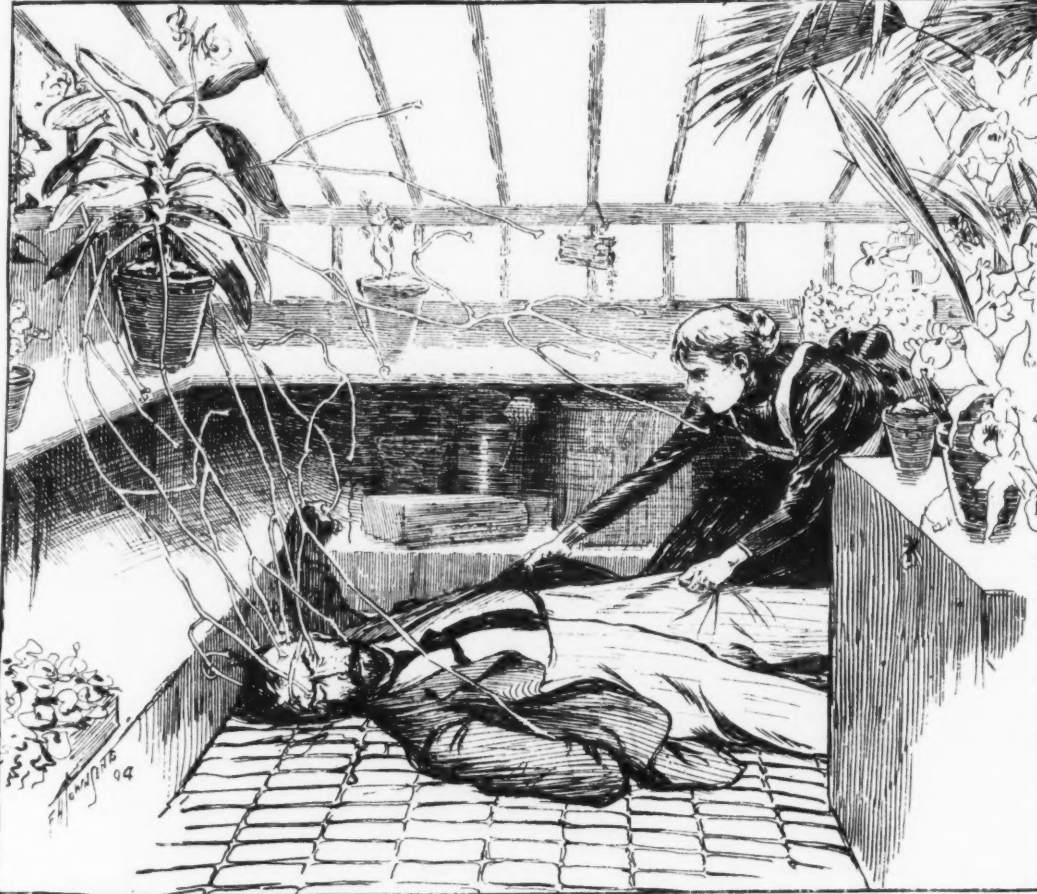
orchid indeed. How busy I shall be to-morrow! I must see to-night just exactly what to do with these things, and to-morrow I shall set to work."

"They found poor Batten lying dead, or dying, in a mangrove swamp—I forget which," he began again presently, "with one of these very orchids crushed up under his body. He had been unwell for some days with some kind of native fever, and I suppose he fainted. These mangrove swamps are very unwholesome. Every drop of blood, they say, was taken out of him by the jungle-leeches. It may be that very plant that cost him his life to obtain."

"I think none the better of it for that."

"Men must work though women may weep," said Wedderburn with profound gravity.

"Fancy dying away from every comfort in a nasty swamp! Fancy being ill of fever with nothing to take but chlorodyne and quinine—if men were left to themselves they would live on chlorodyne and quinine—and no one around you but horrible natives! They say the Andaman islanders are most disgusting wretches—and, anyhow, they can scarcely make good nurses."



With an inarticulate cry she tried to pull him away from the leech-like suckers.

not having the necessary training. And just for people in England to have orchids!"

"I don't suppose it was comfortable, but some men seem to enjoy that kind of thing," said Wedderburn. "Anyhow, the natives of his party were sufficiently civilized to take care of all his collection until his colleague, who was an ornithologist, came back again from the interior; though they could not tell the species of the orchid, and had let it wither. And it makes these things more interesting."

"It makes them disgusting. I should be afraid of some of the malaria clinging to them. And just think, there has been a dead body lying across that ugly thing! I never thought of that before. There! I declare I cannot eat another mouthful of dinner."

"I will take them off the table if you like, and put them in the window-seat. I can see them just as well there."

The next few days he was indeed singularly busy in his steamy little hothouse, fussing about with charcoal, lumps of teak, moss, and all the other mysteries of the orchid cultivator. He considered he was having a wonderfully eventful time. In the evening he would talk about these new orchids to his friends, and over and over again he reverted to his expectation of something strange.

Several of the Vandas and the Dendrobium died under his care, but presently the strange orchid began to show signs of life. He was delighted, and took his housekeeper right away from jam-making to see it at once, directly he made the discovery.

"That is a bird," he said, "and presently there will be a lot of leaves there, and those little things coming out here are aerial rootlets."

"They look to me like little white fingers pecking out of the brown. I don't like them," said his housekeeper.

"Why not?"

"I don't know. They look like fingers trying to get at you. I can't help my likes and dislikes."

"I don't know for certain, but I don't think there are any orchids I know that have aerial rootlets quite like that. It may be my fancy, of course. You see they are a little flattened at the end."

"I don't like 'em," said his housekeeper, suddenly shivering and turning away. "I know it's very silly of me, and I'm very sorry, particularly as you like the thing so much. But I can't help thinking of that corpse."

"But it may not be that particular plant. That was merely a guess of mine."

His housekeeper shrugged her shoulders. "Anyhow, I don't like it," she said.

Wedderburn felt a little hurt at her dislike to the plant. But that did not prevent his talking to her about orchids generally, and this orchid in particular, whenever he felt inclined.

"There are such queer things about orchids," he said one day; "such possibilities of surprises. You know, Darwin studied their fertilization, and showed that the whole structure of an ordinary orchid-flower was contrived in order that moths might carry the pollen from plant to plant. Well, it seems that there are lots of orchids known, the flower of which cannot possibly be used for fertilization in that way. Some of the Cypripediums, for instance; there are no insects known that can possibly fertilize them, and some of them have never been found with seed."

"But how do they form new plants?"

"By runners and tubers, and that kind of outgrowth. That is easily explained. The puzzle is, what are the flowers for?"

"Very likely," he added, "my orchid may be something extraordinary in that way. If so, I shall study it. I have often thought of making researches as Darwin did. But hitherto I have not found the time, or something else has happened to prevent it. The leaves are beginning to unfold now. I do wish you would come and see them."

But she said that the orchid-house was so hot it gave her the headache. She had seen the plant once again, and the aerial rootlets, which were now some of them more than a foot long, had unfortunately reminded her of tentacles reaching out after something; and they got into her dreams, growing after her

Be Your Own Analyst!

Put it in the crucible, viz, the teapot,

"Salada"

CEYLON TEA

will come out victorious.

trailing green spikes bore now three great splashes of blossom, from which this overpowering sweetness proceeded. He stopped before them in an ecstasy of admiration.

The flowers were white, with streaks of golden orange upon the petals; the heavy labellum was rolled into an intricate projection, and a wonderful bluish purple mingled with the gold. He could see at once that the genus was altogether a new one. And the insufferable scent! How hot the place was! The blossoms swam before his eyes.

He would see if the temperature was right. He made a step towards the thermometer.

"I will see to that," she said.

Wedderburn had lost a good deal of blood, but beyond that he had suffered no very great injury. They gave him brandy mixed with some pink extract of meat, and carried him upstairs to bed. His housekeeper told her incredible story in fragments to Dr. Haddon.

"Come to the orchid house and see," she said. The cold outer air was blowing in through the open door, and the sickly perfume was almost dispelled. The torn aerial rootlets lay already withered amidst a number of dark stains upon the bricks. The stem of the inflorescence was broken by the fall of the plant, and the flowers were growing limp and brown at the edges of the petals. "I know that orchids are parasites," said the doctor, "and I have heard of flesh-eating plants, but a vampire plant, with decoy flowers, is new to me. You must take great care of this."

"I mean to," said the housekeeper. "It shan't go blood-sucking any more people."

But when Haddon called next day to show the curiosity to the vicar, he was pained to hear that she had burnt it.

"I did not mean you to do that," said the doctor.

"No," said the housekeeper, "I meant to do that myself." She was not a person to argue with.

That is why these occurrences are given to the world in the guise of fiction. The habitual scepticism of the scientific person would demand the production of the plant, and just at present no plant can be produced. For up to the present no further specimens of this singular orchid have come to hand, and one at least of those who cultivate unknown rootstocks in a speculative spirit has desisted from this amusement, and buys his orchids in flower from the recognized dealers.

Deceiving the Ladies.

The unceasing struggle for supremacy in almost every line of trade undoubtedly has a tendency to make dealers resort to questionable methods of business. Take, for instance, a line of high class dress goods like Priestley's which has been brought to a state of perfection and has attained popularity everywhere. As soon as the ladies insist upon having these goods and no others, it is reported that some merchants have even taken the "Varnished Board," Priestley's trade mark, out of the genuine Priestley's black dress goods or Cravenettes and wrapped inferior goods upon it for the purpose of deceiving the customer. Fortunately, however, an extra precaution was adopted by the manufacturers in stamping the name "Priestley's" and the length on every five yards, so that ladies who want these goods can be sure of getting them. These goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

He—Did you break all the men's hearts Bar Harbor? She—No—one can do that nowadays. But you may rest assured I broke all the women's hearts.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

"That's too bad! My wife has gone and put my handkerchief in the wash, and I am positive that I had tied a knot in it to remind me of something."



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"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 8 Quincy Ave., Lowell, Mass.

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Highest Awards at World's Fair.

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New Books and Magazines.



A Village.

It is not often that a Canadian editor can find much to say about a Canadian novelist, for it is scarcely granted that we have a Canadian novelist. Such stories as do now and then come forth in book form are praised to no end, but this generosity defeats itself, for on the book gaining circulation it not infrequently disappoints the public, and the next time patriotic falsehoods are written in behalf of a book they fail to induce readers to purchase. And so our literature is in a bad way. But it has been my pleasure this week to read a book by a Canadian writer, a book which can be praised without injury to conscience and without fear of an adverse public verdict. The *Untempered Wind*, by Miss Joanna E. Wood, published by T. Selwyn Tait, New York, is a novel of the highest order. It is pronounced by *Current Literature* the greatest American book of the year. It received a column of warmest praise in the *New York Herald*, and the *New York Times* gave it half a column of review. In which the story is referred to as one of great power and infinite pathos.

Miss Wood is a Canadian and a resident of Queenston, Ontario. She has contributed some bright sketches to *SATURDAY NIGHT* at intervals during the past three years, but *The Untempered Wind* is her first book, and it plainly shows that she is qualified to accomplish a real triumph as a novelist. A critic has already said that not even Hawthorne in his *Scarlet Letter* has more powerfully treated the bitterness and scandal of a small village than has Miss Wood in her book. At least I can say this, the *Jamestown* of Miss Wood's book is more Canadian and more "recognizable" to me than Hawthorne's village. And I can say further that for thorough knowledge of the meannesses of Canadian village life *The Untempered Wind* excels anything I can call to mind.

Myron Holder, the heroine of this story, is a most pathetic figure. Ruined in early girlhood by Henry Willis, a heartless young doctor, who forsakes her, she lives on in her mean little home, the byword and laughing-stock of her pharisaical, narrow-minded neighbors. Her grandmother lives with her, and not even from her does Myron ever get one word of sympathy or love. Her baby, little My, is the poor mother's only comfort; everywhere else she finds scolding faces, bitter words, unutterable contempt. Every woman, every child and almost every man in the village despises and taunts her. A mother, yet not a wife! In the eyes of these righteous folks she is an irreclaimable sinner. Only one man stands up bravely for her. Homer, Wilson, a stalwart young farmer, who knew her in her innocent childhood, helps her all he can, and finally learns to love her. But when he begs her to marry him she declines, saying that the man who is the father of her child is also her husband in the sight of God, and that she will be true to him, no matter how false he may have been to her. She sticks to this through all. A wayward parson, unsettled in his "ologies," makes love to her, but she feels it a duty to elude him. Her grandmother dies after selling, by the aid of pious connivers, half the cemetery lot, so that Myron and her child can never contaminate her pure dust by alighting near her. Homer Wilson is killed stopping a runaway horse from mangling little My—the only trite situation in the book—and finally little My dies of croup and is buried in the paupers' corner in the graveyard. It is only in the stunned moment when her child is being buried that she finds she has lost the right to sleep beside her father. Various attempts are made to cause Myron to attend the revival meetings and things of the sort, not to save her soul and restore her to the good graces of the religious community, but as a scape-goat for the village, one upon whom all the exhortations and wrath of the good ministers can fall. And when she does go to the penitent form this preacher offers her a gospel of wrath, not of love. She says she will go far away. The preacher is horrified. "What," he cries, "run away and move among respectable people who know not what you are!" He imposes it upon her as a religious duty that she must tell her sin wherever she goes. Myron becomes a nurse in a hospital, and finally goes as a volunteer to a quarantine station to look after cholera patients. The great Dr. Willis is her Dr. Willis. She does noble service, nor refers to the past. She does not upbraid the man who promised to come, yet came not. Soon she catches the cholera and succumbs, and at the death they go through the marriage ceremony, at the doctor's request. He promises to set up a stone bearing the name of Willis over the baby's grave, but the little mound in the paupers' corner is nameless to this day.

The book, full of purpose and power though it be, is distinguished by a humor, which is, however, more scathing than preachment. Mrs. Deans, the self-righteous woman, mindful of the heathen and of her religious duties, yet a slave-driver, a scandal-monger, a hag in the house of Israel—we know her. And we also know Mrs. Wilson, a woman with a cross to bear—herself a cross of the heaviest kind to a son who gave up everything for her. Then there is old paralytic Mr. Deans, sitting in his invalid chair for hours at a time pretending sleep in hopes of catching the "bound girl" in some fault that he could report to his shrew wife, so that her incessant bargaining might for a moment be directed at another and pass him by. Here is a character sketch worth reproducing. Old Mr. Carroll has dropped in and he and Mr. Deans are chatting:

Each talked in his own strain about his own hobby, without regard to what his companion was saying. While one was speaking the other waited, absent-eyed, for the first pause for breath, when he promptly took up his parable where he had left off when forced to pause for breath himself. The one never heard what the other said, each being too much occupied in

thinking what he should say next to bother about listening to anyone else. . . . Many learned arguments, held in high places, are conducted upon these same lines.

Who has not observed this sort of a discussion? And when Mrs. Deans calls on Mrs. White—her object is to quietly express her opinion that Homer Wilson is not what he ought to be—the two old gossips get going. Mrs. White is talking:

There was Sarah—my cousin twice removed by marriage on Sam's side—and, when she had consumption, nothing would do but she must have a boughten feather; time and again I argued with her, but never to no account, a boughten feather she would have, and, being near the end, why, they took to it that they'd humor her. So one day off Clem started and got the feather. He went to a millinery store and he says, says he: "If the feather don't suit the lady, if it ain't oecomin'," he said, for the clerk looked up sharp, "I'll bring it back and change it for something else."

So he took the feather home, and three days after Sarah died, resting reconciled 'cause she'd got the feather; they was real afraid she'd ask them to bury it with her, she thought so much of it, but they'd head her off if they thought she was going to speak of it, and remind her her end was near, which didn't make her enjoy the feather any the less, but just made her say less about it. Well, when the end came, it came sudden, and she had no time to ask any promises, but she held on to it and, when they drew the pily away, she still had it in her hand. Well, her mother took it back to the millinery store and got a whole black bonnet for the price of that feather.

By such clever touches the life of the villagers is exposed to us. We see them as we know them, those of us who have ever lived in a Jamestown. One of the finest passages in the book is a description of a Sunday service. The awful stillness, the unutterable sorrow of every countenance, the formality and sham of it all, with bickerings and malice rampant in each pew. Old Clem, a stray fish who settled down in the village for no apparent reason, deemed it politic to conform with the outward pieties of the village, and so went to church. But he sat in front of Mrs. Deans and kept that righteous woman on needles. He would twist his collection copper and catch it, when she felt sure he would drop it and make a noise. He used to balance his hat on top of his walking stick so that it seemed morally certain to fall down, but never fell. But it was so insecure that Mrs. Deans could not help watching it.

A strange minister had once been sadly disconcerted by the sight of that unmovable hat in that pew. He could see nothing of what supported it, and could hardly restrain his wrath at the irreverence of the dwarfed individual who sat covered in the Lord's house. Animated by the thought he seized the sword of the spirit and began to fight against this evil one. He dilated upon the perils of irreverence until the majority of his listeners dared hardly breathe. He thundered forth the denunciation of the wicked and stubborn heart until all the women wept, led by Ann Lemon, who, by reason of excessive piety and much gin, had no nerves left at all, and who showed her emotion by a series of subdued howls. He exhausted vituperation and himself and sat down—a beaten man, for the hat was unmoved, whilst Clem beside it was rolling up his eyes and trying to induce a tear—an effort beyond even his art. When the preacher discovered the true state of affairs, which he did when he saw Clem pick up the cane and its burden, carry it to the door, give

it a jerk, bending his head at the same time, and so receive the hat at his own peculiar angle, he felt as if all good was but a dream and a delusion.

These extracts show in a faint way the tenor of the book. The *Untempered Wind* is a production that will bring fame to Miss Joanna E. Wood, and it has such a ready flow, such facile strength in all its parts that it is safe to predict further and greater things from her.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood has just brought out a volume of French-Canadian short stories, entitled *The Choice of Saint Castin and Other Stories of the French in the New World*. They range in period from the time of Frontenac to the fall of Quebec and after, and in scene, from the Plains of Abraham to the swamps of the Mississippi.

Ernest E. Thompson, the well known Canadian artist, whose wolf picture, *Awakened in Vain*, raised such a rumpus in the ranks of local art-lovers, has a wolf story, *The King of the Cur-rumpaw*, in *Scribner's* for November. The paper is artistically illustrated by the author, and is intensely interesting. I will give an extract referring to Old Lobo, king of the wolves, which shows the cunning of the great beast: "Sheep are such senseless creatures that they are liable to be stampeded at night by the veriest trifle, but they have deeply engrained in their nature one, and perhaps only one, strong weakness, viz., to follow their leader. And this the shepherds turn to good account, by putting half a dozen goats in the flock of sheep. The latter recognize the superior intelligence of their bearded cousins, and when a night alarm occurs they crowd around them, and usually are thus saved from a stampede. But it was not always so. One night, late in last November, two Perico shepherds were aroused by an onset of wolves. Their flocks huddled around the goats, which being neither fools nor cowards stood their ground and were bravely defiant; but alas for them, no common wolf was heading this invasion. Old Lobo, the weir-wolf, knew as well as the shepherds that the goats were the moral force of the flock, so, hastily running over the backs of the densely packed sheep, he fell on these leaders, slew them all in a few minutes, and soon had the luckless sheep stampeding in a thousand different directions."

The show of distinguished beauty, transfigured by famous artists, which is now taking place at the Academy of Fine Arts in New York, has been anticipated by *The Cosmopolitan* magazine in its November issue, in an article by Wm. A. Coffin, with illustrations of some of the more beautiful faces. The Great Pastors of History series has for this month's subject the romantic career of Agnes Sorel, who influenced the destinies of France under Charles VII. The Art Schools of America, The Great British Northwest Territory, The Chiefs of the American West, and the Public Library Movement, are amongst *The Cosmopolitan's* table of contents. Survivors of the war and their children will find intense interest in *The Story of a Thousand*, a personal narrative begun in this number by Albion W. Tourgee, who tells in a graphic way of a regiment which saw fierce service—of its organization, its marches, its sports, and its death-roll.

Mr. A. H. O'Brien, barrister at-law, Toronto, has sent me a copy of his *Digest of the Game and Fishing Laws that affect Ontario*, whether being Provincial or Dominion statutes. This little book is of incalculable value to all sportsmen as well as to all game and fish inspectors. This is a new edition of the *Digest*, rendered necessary by the numerous amendments that have of late been made to the law.

W. Clark Russell, although scarcely over forty years of age, is so crippled by rheumatism that he has the use of neither hands nor feet. He dictates his work to his eldest son, and his sole diversion is to gather his cronies around him for a social evening.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or partial cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

M. W. G. P.—You are bright, impulsive, and rather a scattershot thinker, hopeful, ambitious and bound to make your way. I don't think firm and conventionalities would bother you much, and your method is apt to be as erratic as your thoughts. You love social intercourse, and have an excellent temper.

X. Y. Z.—It is an excellent hand, but has the fault of youth and lack of training. Energy, directness of effort and force of will are shown, with discretion, self-reliance, a rather pessimistic turn, and a lack of faith. You have not cultivated mental and intellectual ways, which you need to develop. You are a sensible, off-hand and honest being.

Rosa Dan.—You have a good deal of decision, dash and power, but it needs much discipline and training. At present there seems more tartness than sweetness, and a lack of cohesion and faith to it. At the same time, while there is variation there is not weakness, and it promises well. I am afraid to tell you for what you are adapted until you settle down to train and develop your powers.

Lady Elsie.—A very bright, vivacious and diffusive nature, excellent temper, good imagination, great love of beauty, good taste, sympathetic impulses, excellent discretion, a generally well poised mind and plenty of energy. This should be a very attractive person, slightly ambitious, well pleased with herself and of good sequence of ideas. Refinement and order are shown, as well as love for perfection and some openness to influence.

MARGUERITE R.—This is rather a conventional hand, showing very little originality. Time will probably modify some of its traits. The writer has much self-assertion, a good deal of idealism, not any evidence of tact, a strong wish for approbation and desire for effort, a good deal of self-esteem, a determined and constant purpose, excellent discretion and some reserve, a liking for conservative methods, and a rather bright and pronounced manner.

Bliss, Illinois.—You are not so discreet in speech or cautious in action as her ladyship. You are somewhat of an idealist, rather hopeful, slightly ambitious and of capital power and energy of character. Far from her ladyship having the advantage of you mentally, I think you decidedly her superior, though her facility shows her to be a greater advantage. You are more apt to act hastily and to judge hardly, and your nervous poles is not so equable. But your study is thorough, honest and very buoyant.

MORTIMER.—I am afraid your study lacks maturity, or at all events, training. It looks rather like the effort of an untrained mind. However, it shows much ambition to rise, and a certain force and energy, which would be a power if



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carefully guided. Even writing on lines has not hedged in your independence, which speaks volumes for your unconventionality. You have some leaning to the opposite sex, a good deal of perseverance and capital honesty. I hope you will train your will and determine to be what you are able to be, a fine personality.

DEA.—I quite well remember your study. Are you sure you did not miss seeing it? However, it is a pretty one, and I don't mind doing it again. Refinement, some nervous impulses, very bright and magnetic manner, a little sharpness of temper, a good deal of sociability, some sympathy, excellent sequence of ideas, neat and orderly method, a good deal of liking for the opposite sex and a capacity for warm and constant affection are yours. This writing could not be the effort of an uneducated or erratic person. So sorry you felt snubbed when you were not.

YAM-YAM.—You certainly take an original method, and a short cut to an end. You like sympathy and society, are apt to look on the shady side, having a strong tendency to pessimism, abundant nervous energy, much impatience of delay, a very clever and hasty judgment. You chafe under forms, and abhor ceremony. You are independent in thought, erratic in motion, of undoubted ability and much persistence. I think you are too fond of display, and lack repose. You have strong affection and any amount of courage in enterprise. If you were a betting man, you'd plunge, and have the luck of the hood-does.

TORY.—That is a foolish young girl's question but I suppose it must be answered. It would not be proper if the correspondence were silly and gossip. If the young man to whom you are not engaged isn't a fool, and you have common sense, it might be good for both of you and not in the least improper. But if, as your writing indicates, you need a good deal more study than you now possess, and also a large increase of discretion, I think the young man won't be any the worse off if you don't write to him. 2. A delineation would not be satisfactory. Many traits are only vulgarities and will in time be modified.

AN ORDINARY MAN.—I hope you had a good time on your holidays. You should be thankful that your turn has come so soon. To confess the truth, I have got hold of a too recent package of correspondence this week, or you'd not have seen your answer for three months yet. 2. Your writing shows much social impulse, pleasant temper, a rather practical nature, persistence in purpose and a rather logical mind. You are rather orderly and systematic, careful of little matters, very determined and decided, with a strong and reliable nature and a very good temper. Nerves should be unknown things to you, and flighty and erratic impulses a closed book. You are truthful, innocent of diplomacy and incapable of concealment.

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A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of pulmonary consumption, but by its continued use health and vigor could be fully restored.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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Flowers Bloom
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We wish we could keep them always blooming to enjoy their beauty and their fragrance, but this is impossible. We can, however, have all their delicate perfume by using Piesse & Lubin's fine English Perfumes, to be obtained from any druggist.

"A fabled prisoner pent in walls of glass"
Shakespeare.

THE FAMOUS
Old Port Wine

"Without
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Charmed by the Song Bird.

IN PAST years the publishers of this paper have given away some very fine pictures with their Christmas Number. Usually our premium picture has been purchased in Germany, or Italy, or France, and cost us a great deal of money, and, admirable as they have been as works of art, it has been realized that they were foreign in feeling, that the beautiful woman so skillfully painted and reproduced by lithography was not one of our race nor one who spoke our language. And it was felt that an enterprise that is regarded all over Canada as one reflecting some credit upon the country, should not have a foreign picture as its chief part. This was borne in upon us more particularly last year and it was decided to secure a truly Canadian picture for our Christmas Number of 1894.

It has been done, and to those who have seen and admired the principal one of the three pictures which are given away with this year's Number, Charmed by the Song Bird, a few words explaining its history may be of some interest. In the early spring, when the snow was yet on the ground, the manager of this paper went in search of what he wanted. He called to examine some special groupings made for him by Mr. Mickelthwaite, the photographer, and among others he found the group of children which take up our premium picture. It had been taken by Mr. Mickelthwaite at Port Cockburn, Muskoka, the previous summer, the children belonging to families summering there. The plate was purchased from the photographer and at once copyrighted by the Sheppard Publishing Co. (LTD.). A large bromide print was then made from it, and Mr. G. A. Reid was secured to paint in the foliage and scenery, while Mrs. Reid painted the dresses of the children. In this way it was made to combine the virtues of photography and oil painting. It was then taken to New York and the pictures produced by a newly discovered process of photo-lithography. By this process, each color was conveyed separately to the stone by means of photography, so that nothing of the picture's charm was lost. The result, we think, is gratifying, and from all directions we are receiving congratulations at having produced a picture that excels all our foreign purchases of previous years.

The other two premiums, Playmates, which is a French pastel, and A Difficult Trick, in black and white, are of such merit that we are not at all nervous about our Christmas Number and premiums being compared with the products of London.

The Drama.

THE idleness of acting and of the dramatic business lock, stock and barrel, is apt to impress any practical man who, by way of treat, attends the theater occasionally and happens to see a farce comedy such as Hoss and Hoss. It is composed entirely of good-humored nonsense and pretends to nothing else. It makes no effort to teach anything or to leave any trace of itself upon the mind of the spectator. A man must have an unusually retentive memory to be able, a day after having seen it, to say what it is about. It is made up of the ludicrous and is designed to entertain. Jacques Kruger as Judge Hoss proves himself a very pleasant comedian and worth the good salary which he is said to draw. A fair sample of his style and method is given on the occasion when he walks in after having had a night with his friends. "I've been out all night with the boys," he remarks. "We had a splendid time and I won seven hundred dollars at poker. (Pause). And then I woke up." He always relies to some extent upon the perception of his audience, and few farce comedians do so. Charles T. Aldrich is the other Hoss and almost equally clever. He accomplishes some novel results in hat-twirling, concluding by tossing in the air his hat, a lighted cigar and one of his shoes, and catching the first on his head, the second in his teeth and the third upon his foot as they fall. Miss Rose Sutherland is the brightest lady in the company. She dances well, and although she kicks much higher than her head, her dancing is in other respects graceful. Miss Carrie Sweeney is evidently put forward as the first lady of the cast, but in her case, as in that of every female whom I have seen playing the role of a Bowery girl, the unloveliness of the creation quite outweighs the scant humor of it. Deformed in figure as in morals, vulgar in every movement and dirty in aspect, the affection of the gallery for the Bowery girl is a most incredible sentiment. I can never believe that she will be recalled until the deafening applause arises, but it always does arise and respect for human-kind is made impossible. High kicking is delicate, refined and artistic in comparison with the tatters and grossness of this gutter female, who seems to make an appearance in at least one of our theaters every week.

Hoss and Hoss is a first-class laugh-producer. In fact, a great many of the gentler sex giggled incontinently, one might say, at the Tuesday matinee, heedless of the attention they attracted.

Miss Ganthony proved herself all that was

claimed for her as an entertainer, and greatly amused a fine audience on Thursday night, and, indeed, at each performance. But Friday night was not only unfavorable so far as the weather was concerned, but the Yacht Club ball in the Granite Rink drew all the society people away from the theater, and so the house was by no means the brilliant one of the evening before. Miss Ganthony is very similar to George Grossmith in her methods of amusement, inferior to him in some respects but superior in others, it being possible for a lady to satirize her own sex as a man cannot possibly do. As a man I may say that women are better marks for satire than men, and so Miss Ganthony has unequaled scope.

Miss Mary Keegan, one of Hamilton's clever daughters, is making quite a success as an actress in England. She is at present traveling with Mr. Beerbohm Tree, playing in Lady Marchmont and A Bunch of Violets. I have seen some very flattering notices of her in the English press.

A young actor whose forbearance and good sense in a part that would have caused an inferior man to rant and rave, was Mr. Thomas Smith, who played the part of Roger Conlon in Dan McCarthy's play last week. I do not remember having seen him before, but a young fellow who, to leave his acting out of the question, can rise superior to the actor's craze for fancy names and call himself plain Thomas Smith, is likely brainy enough to become well known in his profession some day.

Guelph is to be congratulated upon having a new opera house of a class suitable to such a town. It was opened two weeks ago and hereafter the people of Guelph will see a better line of plays than they have in the past.

The illness of Melba brought a great disappointment to Toronto. Rev. Dean Hole will be greeted by a big audience at Massey Hall on Monday evening, and the coming of Conan Doyle a week later will be another treat.

Rhea with her fine company opened her half-week engagement at the Grand with the new comedy success, When Bess was Queen. It was received with much favor, the work of Rhea and W. S. Hart being particularly admired. The Lady of Lyons is announced for the matinee to-day, and for the evening the double bill, Pygmalion and Galatea and Bonaparte at School. Miss Rhea, in the latter, plays the part of the boy Bonaparte for the first time in Toronto. I understand it to be one of her best bits of work, and hope that a crowded house will greet her.

H. W. Williams' Meteors are giving a performance at the Academy of Music this week, in which several of the specialties are very funny. Next week A Jay Circus will be the attraction.

A delightful mixture of sparkling music, handsome costumes, beautiful scenery, girls and comedians is the dramatic announcement for Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week. The peerless Corinne and the Kimball Opera Comique Company will present the



Corinne.

popular operatic extravaganza, Hendrick Hudson. This play comes endorsed by a successful run of six months during the World's Fair at Chicago, five hundred nights in New York and eight weeks in Boston. The production is said to be elaborate, brisk, bright, witty and melodious, up-to-date and international in the delights it offers. Mrs. Kimball, always noted for her courage in planning big shows and making heavy expenditure in order to present them adequately, has excelled all previous achievements in arranging and producing this one. Every stitch of scenery and every thread of costume were designed and made expressly for this production. The scenic pictures are extraordinarily elaborate and beautiful, and the costumes are the richest imaginable. The company numbers sixty people, headed by the piquant and peerless Corinne, who has a number of new songs admirably suited to her sweet contralto voice. Her Spanish dances, famous mandolin solos and Spanish song, La Paloma, in fact all her numbers are favorably received, and she has invariably more recalls than she can respond to.

Sadie Martinot in The Passport will appear at the Grand on Monday night and for half the week. Miss Martinot has long been a favorite here, as everywhere, and we shall all be glad to welcome her once more as a star.

Miss Agnes Knox (Mrs. E. C. Black) will give her annual recital in Association Hall on December 3. The erroneous statement was made in last week's issue that Miss Knox would conduct classes in elocution. She has no such intention, but will fill engagements as during previous seasons.

The announcement that ex Senator John J. Ingalls, the great Kansas orator, is to visit Toronto in December, has awakened considerable interest in that gentleman's lecture, the subject of which will be Anarchy and Plutocracy. This is said to be his masterpiece. The political clubs of the city may tender him a joint reception.

The second number of Kleiser's Star Course takes place at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, November 29, when the Mozart Symphony

Club of New York City will be heard in a splendid programme. The company includes Mr. Otto Lund, violin soloist; Mr. Theo. Hoch, violin and cornet virtuoso; Mr. Richard Stoecker, viola and viola d'amour virtuoso; Mr. Mario Blodeck, violoncello and viol da Gamba soloist; Miss Cecilia Braems, prima donna soprano; and Miss. Zoe de Vielle, contralto. This is one of the representative traveling musical organizations of America, and it is safe to say the Mozarts will be greeted with a large audience on the twenty-ninth. The plan opens at Nordheimer's on Monday morning, November 26 at ten o'clock.

PERCY HAMBLLY
Boy Soprano (of Toronto).

Half Hours With The Poets.

111.—Old Mr. Longfellow on Board the Hesperus.

"It was the schooner Hesperus that sailed the wintry sea,
And the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear his company."

—Longfellow.

THERE were but three people in the cabin party of the Hesperus: old Mr. Longfellow, the skipper and the skipper's daughter.

The skipper was much attached to the child, owing to the singular whiteness of her skin and the exceptionally limpid blue of her eyes she had hitherto remained on shore to fill lucrative engagements as albino lady in a circus.

This time, however, her father had taken her with him for company. The girl was an endless source of amusement to the skipper and the crew. She constantly got up games of pass in the corner, forfeits and Dumb Crambo with her father and Mr. Longfellow, and made scripture puzzles and geographical acrostics for the men.

Old Mr. Longfellow was taking the voyage to restore his shattered nerves. From the first the captain disliked Henry. He was utterly unused to the sea and was nervous and fidgety in the extreme. He complained that at sea his genius had not a sufficient degree of latitude. Which was unparalleled presumption.

On the evening of the storm there had been a little jar between Longfellow and the captain at dinner. The captain had emptied it several times, and was consequently in a reckless, quarrelsome humor.

"I confess I feel somewhat apprehensive," said old Henry nervously, "of the state of the weather. I have had some conversation about it with an old gentleman on deck who professed to have sailed the Spanish main. He says you ought to put into yonder port."

"I have," blurted out the skipper, eyeing the bottle, and added with a brutal laugh that "he could weather the roughest gale that ever wind did blow." A whole Gaelic society, he said, wouldn't faze him.

Draining a final glass of grog, he rose from his chair, said grace, and staggered on deck. All the time the wind blew colder and louder. The billows frothed like yeast. It was a

MADAME MARIE SELIKA.
The Creole Prima Donna.

yeast wind.

The evening wore on.

Old Henry shuffled about the cabin in nervous misery.

The skipper's daughter sat quietly at the table selecting verses for a biblical clock to

amuse the ship's bosun, who was suffering from tooth-ache.

At about ten, Longfellow went to his bunk, requesting the girl to remain up in his cabin.

For half an hour all was quiet, save the roaring of the winter wind.

Then the girl heard the old gentleman start up in bed.

"What's that bell, what's that bell?" he gasped.

A minute later he emerged from his cabin wearing a cork jacket and trousers over his pyjama.

"Sissy," he said, "go up and ask your pop who rang that bell."

The obedient child returned.

"Please, Mr. Longfellow," she said, "pa says there weren't no bell."

The old man sank into a chair and remained with his head buried in his hands.

"Say," he exclaimed presently, "someone's firing guns and there's a glimmering light somewhere. You'd better go upstairs again."

Again the child returned.

"The crew are guessing at an acoustic and occasionally they get a glimmering of it."

Meantime the fury of the storm increased.

The skipper had the hatches battered down.

Presently Longfellow put his head out of a port-hole and called out, "Look here, you may not care, but the cruel rocks are goring the sides of this boat like the horns of an angry bull."

The brutal skipper heaved the log at him. A knot in it struck a plank and it glanced off.

Too frightened to remain below, the poet raised one of the hatches by picking out the cotton batting and made his way on deck. He crawled to the wheel-house.

The skipper stood lashed to the helm all stiff and stark. He bowed stiffly to the poet. The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow on his fixed and glassy eyes. The man was hopelessly intoxicated.

All the crew had disappeared. When the missile thrown by the captain had glanced off into the sea, they glanced after it and were lost. At this moment the final crash came.

Something hit something. There was an awful click followed by a peculiar grating sound and, in less time than it takes to write it (unfortunately), the whole wreck was over.

As the vessel sank, Longfellow's senses left him. When he reopened his eyes he was in his own bed at home, and the editor of his local paper was bending over him.

"You have made a first rate poem of it, Mr. Longfellow," he was saying, unbending somewhat as he spoke, "and I am very happy to give you our cheque for a dollar and a quarter for it."

"Your kindness checks my utterance," murmured Henry feebly, very feebly.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

The New Guinea Islands

THE English world has been startled this week to hear by means of despatches that have arrived at Vancouver by the last mail steamer, that the Kanaka natives of the New Guinea Islands had reverted to cannibalism, and destroyed and consumed the white settlements and trading posts on Admiralty, New Ireland and other islands. The facts were only discovered on a steamer calling with supplies and finding every trace of white population removed, while, in explanation, the evidences of a recent cannibal feast were everywhere found. It is one of the most shocking occurrences of our time, made more so by the gruesome details and by the fact that this man-eating race of people had apparently been recreated in some measure by contact with civilization and Christianity. We give on our front page and on page 7 some views of the natives of the New Guinea Islands, their boats, their homes and their country.

The Brown Patti.

Last week we were pleased to devote a portion of our space to Melba; this week the Brown Patti, Madame Selika, claims it by right of merit. Accompanied by Volosko, the celebrated baritone, from the South Sea Islands, she is appearing to numerous successes throughout the province.

Madame Selika studied with the most renowned masters of America before going abroad and made her debut in England, under the powerful introduction of the late James Russell Lowell, who named her "The Majestic Queen of Staccato;" assisted by such artists as Madame Carlotta Patti, Madame Evans-Warwick, Mr. Joseph Lynde, Signor Vogara and others. In London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and a host of other cities of the Old World, thousands flocked to hear her sing. On her second European trip she was accompanied by Volosko, who increased the fame of the concerts given by these celebrated artists.

This is the first visit of the Brown Patti to Canada, and we welcome with delight the handsome and interesting Creole, who has made all Europe ring with her praise. Signor Volosko is a magnificent type of the South Sea Islander. He has traveled extensively, speaks five languages fluently, and only when his powerful heroic voice fills an auditorium can his standard of excellence be grasped. In duet work they excel, singing popular and classical music, scenes from operas, etc.

Their Canadian successes have far surpassed the most sanguine expectations and we wish this leading musical combination a most happy time during their short sojourn with us.

A November Maple.

For Saturday Night.

Gay-robed, stately, beloved,
In his autumn pomp he stands,
And a crowd of gay-leaved courtiers
Bend and bow to kiss his hands.
But the west wind breathes thro' his leafage high,
"Can you think what it is, O King, to die?"

A breath of frost in the air,
A chill of fear at his heart,
A stifled cry through the rustling leaves,
"O darling summer, and must we part?"
And the last wind sobs as he hurries by,
"Great King of Summer, prepare to die!"

Where are the parents gay,
That homage paid on their knees?
Come at his death throes start,
With a mocking flout in the breeze,
But the soft south wind has strength to sigh
One parting kiss, ere the King must die.

Frigid, frozen, bereft,
By the shock of the north man's breath;
Violets, lilies, roses,
Standing, he meets his death,
And the north wind shrieks as he rushes by,
"See! heart of nature, your King must die."

Then with a shudder from earth,
In his fleecy pall outspread,
Look! at the first white flakes!
The great tree bends his head,
And he whispers low to the blanching sky,
"Great King of heaven, my Lord, I die!" W.

A Memory.

For Saturday Night.

A memory sweet to all that's left to me,
Of her I loved so fondly years ago;
Too rare a flower, she blossomed but to die,
Her memory still shall keep my heart aglow.
An angel now, but her pure spirit lives
To cheer me on and soften life for me;
When shadows fall and trouble comes too fast,
My soul finds rest in this sweet memory.

Oftimes I feel her presence near my side,
In fancy hear the voice of her I love,
Bidding me live and trust and calmly wait
The welcome call to meet in realms above.
The way seems long, the path so hard to tread,
Her memory dear my guiding star shall be;
The lamp of love will brighten all the way,
My hope of heaven is her sweet memory.

November 7, 1894. T. H. LITNER.

Chrysanthemum.

For Saturday Night.

Like to the wand'rer in a spectral night,
Where gray and gloom alone are manifest,
Who—pacing through the weary hours' unrest—
Chances upon a vision of delight
In some high hall a composite of bright
Color and form, in boundlessness expressed,
And lingers for a while to call it bliss,
His heavy heart thenceforward gay and light.

So, in the dusk hours of the dying year,
When retrospective thoughts my way pursue,
A motley, ill-assorted retinue,
And winter reigneth, sterile and austere,
Luxuriant Chrysanthemum, arise peer,
Your beauties ban my cares, my hopes renew.
KEPPEL STRAKER.

The Song of the Wheel.

(With apologies to Walt Whitman's literary executors.)

For Saturday Night.

I sing the wheel, announcing its unique joys.

I lead it out; grasping the handles and touching the step I vault lightly into the saddle; the pedals right and left my feet apprehend; I am a mount;
First a slow, sliding, gliding motion; no haste (I enjoy too much for haste the resumption of locomotion)
Over the rough wooden blocks I turn seeking a passage, like a steamer piloted.

I hug the kerb closely; brainless kids have strewn the deadly broken glass there; may they avoid the other deadly glass!
Ah, the gliding motion, the smooth-rolling, swift-revolving front wheel; my handle bars, nickel-plated, glancing in the sun.

My pedal yield lovingly to the creases of my toes;
Speed, speed, then cycle or wheel; thy name is sweet;
I speed easily to and fro.

My heart rose to my gullet; I stood on my pedals; I stopped suddenly; my heart rebounded and descended.
The headlong driver of a milk-wagon had turned full quick and imminent
Into my path and also the path of my wheel, my new pneumatic.

Strike, strike, my tire, the steam-rolled Trinidad pavement;
Smother than glassy sea or the untoward flow of the Muse's Melodies, harmonies, ministrations and the rhythm of the mazy ballet,
The glorious beat of the drum as full and hard-hits it is beaten,
The solemn, electric chant of the Queen's Own bugles advancing.

These, or what's sweeter, laudations to toothache or death to the drowning,
Are synonymous slow and subdued
To speak the thrill, iris-bued,
Of the rhythmic and perfect beat of the pedals, accurately revolving
The nineteenth century method, the some of human locomotion.

Now I understand why millions of athletic brothers (the new brotherhood of the Wheel), clerks, artisans, professional men (even preachers) ride a wheel;
Now I understand why hundreds of athletic, strong-limbed Eve's daughters also ride;
They, too, feel the swing, the roll, the delightful and healthful motion of it;
(I swear a generation of wheeling women would remodel our race).

Now I understand many things I did not understand before;
The bicycle nudges me and informs me as I pass the stores, cars, wagons, crossings, trolleys, etc.;
Now I understand all ecstatic praise of the Wheel,
Though I could not understand it before.

Shall I describe them—the flinging dangers, the sickening at-to-slipping, the coming down on all-fours (or more) of one's members—the risk judiciously escaped?
Shall I reveal the panorama of a "swoosh"? (Better not).
Shall I (or who could) intimate to invalids not riding wheels (all who ride not are such, I swear it is no) the exquisite thrill of a confidence of conveyance, trolleys, etc., on a wet asphalt, and do or die? (Better not).

Here am I at the office, awake and light-hearted (perhaps a trifle muddled behind),
My comrades will soon arrive; the trolley transport them. Transported am I by my airy wheel (take it in both senses and smile not).
Some day I'll leave car-tracks and asphalt; my resilient and bounding Masrappa
Shall bear me to dewy-bordered roads and out of a thicket
A morning bird shall interpret the beautiful new song of the Wheel.

RICHARD BUCHART.

She (enthusiastically)—I would have given anything in the world to get it! He—Well, why didn't you buy it? She—Oh, it cost too much—fifty cents.

Between You and Me.

IF there is one thing more than another which bothers me in this world, it is the contemplation of the numbers of young persons of the gentler sex who are engaged in "killing time." Never was a more appropriate expression for the utterly indefensible and truly deplorable frittering away of hours which is the rule among a certain class. They get up from downy couches, lave and robe their fair forms, eat a fairly sustaining breakfast, yawn and saunter to the window, remarking, "I think I shall match that ribbon this morning." Fancy such an occupation as matching that ribbon being all one has to look forward to for three golden morning hours! Another young time-killer remarks, "When you're down town, will you change my library book? I really can't be bothered." "What shall I get you?" "Oh, something exciting, things are so deadly dull. Melba not coming takes all one's interest out of this week. What a shame papa won't take us to New York to the horse show." And so

"Disparaging, grumbling, complaining,
Onward through life she goes,
Each morning sees some task undone,
Each evening bears her woes."

and though she does not always inflict her troubles on her acquaintance, she carries their signs in her dull eyes and unmusical voice, while in the future her temper will sour and her unemployed force will turn and feed upon herself.

At the same time, the girl who has leisure may err in the other direction and become as much of a mistake as the yawning idler. I have known girls who gave themselves up to one pursuit until they became warped and narrowed to their eternal disadvantage, and girls who worked much on the principle of the kitten which chases her tail, going around fast enough but doing nothing. There is an idea abroad that the girl who gives much of her time to society is a killer of hours in a very reprehensible way, but there is a sweet mission for the society girl which is too often lost sight of. It is a very self-forgetting and delicate work too, this oiling of the wheels, and she who performs it carefully will reap the richest harvest of good-will and kind actions. There are very few society girls who stand out conspicuously as Miss Van Aukens. You must know that Miss Van Aukens is an imaginary maiden, who is used as a type of perfect breeding, grace and tact by one of the smartest and sweetest New York writers. Miss Van Aukens loves elderly people, and men and women who are absorbed in thought, reserved in manner, hard in judgment and strong in prejudice, melt and beam and mellow when Miss Van Aukens takes them in hand, because she acknowledges their wisdom and admires their knowledge and understands their little cranks. Young girls adore Miss Van Aukens, though she never gushes over them, and sometimes takes high ground with their little falsehoods and tricks. Young men respect Miss Van Aukens and delight in her funny little fancies and stories, and love her because she is so very feminine. Married women forget that Miss Van Aukens is a girl, when she fascinates and helps their little ones to think and to play, and married men worship her with the honest, elevating, precious regard which comes from the man creature who understands a trifle of woman and her ways and knows Miss Van Aukens's worth the better for that knowledge.

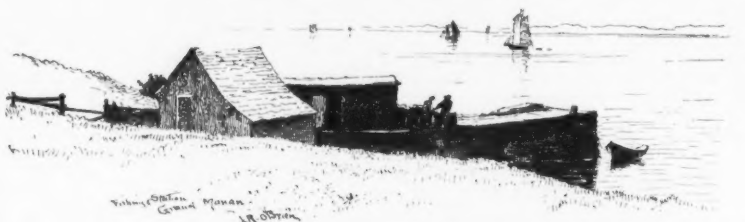
The clever New York writer shows us Miss Van Aukens in a very dainty and artistic way as she comes week after week to make one of a pretty and diverse coterie at a fashionable matron's reception, and perhaps the prettiest touch of all is when Miss Van Aukens is away and there is something wanting to the happiness of all. Think of it, women! The very idea of the possibility of one woman being missed by everyone! The notion of one woman's sweet presence being so universally acceptable that amid all the currents and counter-currents of jealousy, disparagement, criticism and thoughtless backbiting it could creep into a corner of every heart! Sometimes, we all know, one woman becomes the rage for a season; perhaps she is rich and liberal; perhaps the gods blessed her sweet face and made it altogether lovely; maybe she has a fine abundance of what Monsieur calls "chic" and people run after her, they scarce know why; perhaps circumstances have woven a charm about her that attracts the crowd, but she goes away and her place is filled and the disparagers get in their work, and it is good for her if they allow her to be simply forgotten. She was not a Miss Van Aukens, for the writer I am thinking of tells us that when Miss Van Aukens was away people looked for her and missed her, and whispered one another smilingly that she would certainly be home next week.

Sometimes Miss Van Aukens comes in bursting with fun and full of some comical little incident of the streets; sometimes she is enthusiastic over a flower show, or pensive over a sick protegee, or dreamy over a sermon, or indignant over a real wrong or abuse. She has as many sides as sympathies, and she always selects the right person to chime in with her mood. She is never self-assertive, perhaps the thought; but in spite of her many-sidedness and adaptability, she is distinctly individual and has a clear mind of her own. I am hopelessly in love with her myself and take delight in recognizing little bits of her among my friends. There are Miss Van Aukens in real life. We have even some of them in our own city, but we should have a great many more if our girls who kill time in matching ribbons, changing library books and yawning before a fire or a window, would get out of themselves and determine to emulate her.

A man who reads this column (by the way, the idea that a man ever does seems to paralyze my freedom of speech) has sent me a story about a lady med., a very idealized young doctor, but she makes a charming heroine and I have enjoyed her very much. Mona Maclean, Medical Student, is the name of the story which, while rather guide-booky and technical at times, is sufficiently bright and clever not to weary one. I think the whole point of the book is in the last few lines, and I like the lady med. better than ever since I have read about this delightful specimen, and I feel that every family should certainly have both a copy of the story and a duplicate of the heroine. LADY GAY.



THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE M.P. E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.



FISHING STATION, GRAND MANAN. L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A.

Mr. Moody and Revivalism.

A Beechfield Oracle Expresses His Views on Revival Meetings in General.
BY MACK.

PICKETT and young Mackenzie had got into a wrangle and in answer to an offensive personal remark from the latter, Pickett had retorted that anyhow he had never "gone forred" at revival meetings. This referred to an ineffectual inoculation of young Mackenzie at protracted meetings some years previously. He was a backslider, and he flew into such a temper that the Postmaster and others had to escort him from the store and start him home.

"I tell ye what," said Teddy Graham, "there ain't no man what's backslid that likes to have it cast up to him. He always feels raw inside." Everybody agreed that Mackenzie could stand anything but reference to the time he got converted. "That bears out what I say. I know what I'm talkin' about, fer I wuz once converted myself." Everyone expressed incredulity, for nothing of the sort had ever been heard in regard to Graham. "Yes, an' I wuz just thinkin' about it to-night when I wuz readin' there in The Daily about Mr. Moody holdin' tremendous revival meetin's in Toronto. There wuz thirty-five hundred or thirty-five thousand people, I don't jist remember which, at one of his meetin's on Sunday. I wuz thinkin' that no doubt he'll do a power of good, but that he might do a heap of wrong, too, without ever knowin' it. Let him go ahead and convert all the people he can. If people git religion they'll be a sight better than they are without it. We know some mighty mean church folks right in this here neighborhood, but they'd be an all-fired sight harder to live with if they wuzn't religious. Ye can say what ye like. I ain't no preacher nor nothin' of that kind, but I'm willin' to own up that I never know'd a man yet that wuz made worse by religion. We know a certain person what wuz one of us here a few years ago, an' now he's a sniveler too blame mean for anythin'—too mean to spend a cent. If we ask him to give somethin' toward the Fall Show he pretends he's goin' to give all his money to the Lord, an' then he pretends to the Lord that he give it all to the Fall Show. He's a temperance cr.-nk, too, because, unfortunately, lickin' costs money. I ain't forgittin' about him. Still, I don't take back what I said. He's the same man all through, and as he got a little older his colors showed through his clothes, that's all. If he hadn't got religious he might have turned thief, cheat and drunken loafer. Ye can't tell what some of these church people would a been if they'd run their own course. I say let Mr. Moody convert all the men and women he can. It'll be a mighty good thing fer the city if he does a big business, but let him

leave the children alone. That's the p'int I've been tryin' to git at. I wuz converted when I wuz ten years old. My father wuz a good man who felt that his biggest duty in life wuz to see his family converted, and so he got me out to meetin' night after night until ten and eleven o'clock, when I should have been in bed. As the revival went on and crowds begun to profess, lots of them children of my own age or younger, he got scared on my account. He prayed fer me and prayed to me in the seat in the church, and got the preachers and others who were movin' around among the sinners to pray over me and plead with me. They made me think that the hull world wuz created jist to put me in it so's to see if I'd git converted at them revival meetin's or go to eternal torment. They made me feel that the earth wuz made special to test us, and that hell had no particular object 'cept to gulp me in and then close the lid, everybody else goin' to heaven. I wuz took to the meetin's aginst my will, wuz prayed to aginst my will, an' they kep' at me until the second night I wuz half pulled up to the penitent bench. There wuz a lot more kneelin' there, most of 'em rounded up by their relatives same as I wuz. I remember jist as well as if it wuz yesterday what I wuz thinkin' of. I wuz wonderin' how it wuz that some men's noses made a tune when they wuz blowed and others didn't. Ye see, there wuz a good deal of cryin' an' nose-blowin' goin' on, an' it set me wonderin'. When the preacher got around to me he found me sound asleep. But he wuz too earnest a Christian to have enough human sense to see the matter as he should have seen it, so he prayed with me. Next night I tried to stay at home, but couldn't, tried to stay in the back seats, but wuzn't let do that either. I had to go up. I envied them who'd already professed themselves and wuz sittin' comfortable an' free on the high seats a hind the penitent form. I reasoned that I'd git converted too, and havin' watched how the others done it I jumped up an' professed. In the excitement I talked a lot and they said it wuz a splendid conversion. Then I wuz left alone and left sit up with the others. I felt good and wished I'd got the business over quicker. I knew all the time that I wuzn't a bit different from what I always wuz, and I didn't suppose anyone else wuz. But I felt I had forms to observe and a sham to keep up as everybody else wuz doin'. Well, I soon moved around and saw into myself an' knew that if I

At the
Palette Club
Exhibition.

AMONG THE DAISES.
G. A. Reid, R.C.A.INNOCENCE.
F. S. Challenger, A.R.C.A.

our preacher would say that the devil had put ye up to all that fine reasonin'." "Yes, I guess he would, but there's many a thing charged to the devil that he won't pay fer. At the Judgment Day it may turn out that the devil worked his schemes on earth a good deal cunninger than we thought. Preachers say that he's the 'eternal soul of Deceit, yit I never knew a preacher who couldn't see clean through every one of his plans and who couldn't drive him clean off the earth if people wuz do as they wuz told. I think the devil's got a his wits' end and has grown chuckle-headed, or else I think when we come to find everythin' out it'll be learned that the preachers have been fightin' a stuffed devil while the real on has been particular busy helpin' 'em to do it ad secretly playin' havoc in their rear. If the preachers is fightin' the real devil and not a'ecoy, then I guess he's in his dotage all right e-ugh, and the war'll soon be over."

The Postmaster said he didn't think the subject was a good one to talk about, so local gossip was introduced.

Our Phillipp Abroad.

Letter III.—Being Stally English.

IT IS surprising in these enlightened days that one should, in England, meet with startling ignorance on the subject of Canada. I do not say that ignorance is general, far from it; but I think it was none the less paralyzing when, at a dinner-party the other night, a set young girl of seventeen leaned forward at an anxious fashion, "Miss Phillippa, I asked you won't think me a terrible ignoramus, are you there horses in Canada?" For a moment she was speechless, but I saw the light of reason in creature's eyes. "No," I said grimly, "there are no horses; we generally use goats." "I said that was very interesting and quite a meval," I think she meant to say Arcadia, but couldn't be certain—she was such a curious girl. On another occasion, when talking of a visit to Toronto, someone enquired if it was quite "safe to travel unarmed," and a young giant from Australia cut in with the remark that "Canada was a beastly place; no society or education, y' know!" "Have you ever been there?" I enquired, fixing him sternly with my eyes. No, he hadn't been himself, but he had a brother who had. It ultimately transpired that the brother had been through to the coast on the C. P. R. Whether he expected the porter to entertain him with quotations from the classics, or the brakeman to hold a soiree on the cow-catcher, history sayeth not. But enough of this. I am staying in one of those weird, delightful, ghost-ridden old houses which we people of the Western world find so novel and charming. We have no old mansions to speak of, no moats or keeps, no panelled rooms where the dark stain on the floor shows how the "deed was done." How should we indeed! You don't expect a child to grow gray hairs or vines to run up a new board fence! Therefore, I am filled with a little thrill of delightful excitement when all sensible people are asleep, and I hear the broad oak staircase creak eerily, and ghostly fingers tap my window and rustle the ivy on the tower. I am quite prepared to face the Gray Lady, the Headless Gentleman or even the Wailing Child, for I imagine myself the heroine of a three volume novel, and if the weird hands prove to be only the wind, and the subdued creak is caused by the dog—who has had dreams—why, then, I enjoy the secret passage and the faint odor of pot-pourri in the drawing-room all the more for the sake of what might have been.

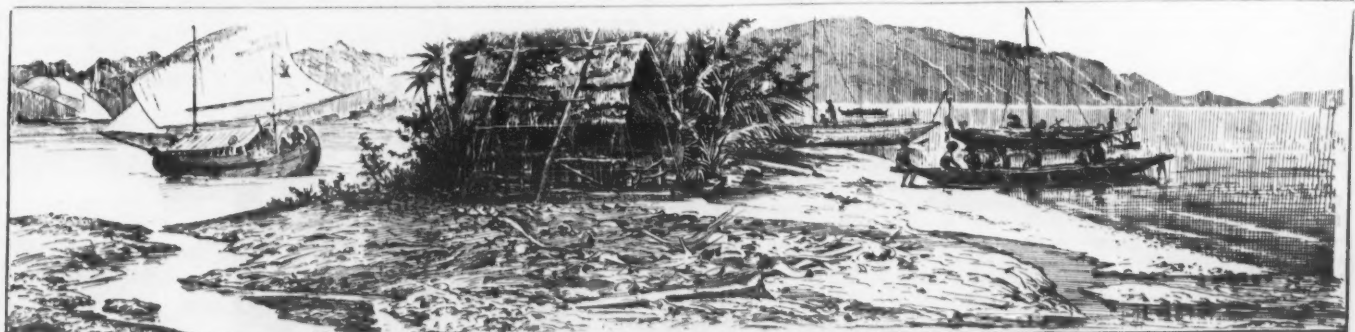
If you are afflicted with nerves it is different, because the man in armor at the top of the stairs glares meaningfully at you, and the trapdoor suggests Kenilworth and unexpected strangulation. But they say that the day of the nervous woman is over and that upon her shattered pedestal the New Woman will plant her trussed leg.

And that reminds me that I am heartily tired of the New Woman. She is boldly outlined in the latest novel, which is quite as unpleasant as herself; she is caricatured in all the papers; she is ridiculed on the stage; she is advertised on the street corners, north, south, east and west; she glimmers upon the horizon, a horrible phantom from which there is no fleeing. We are told that her advent is morally certain, and the boot-black regards the muddy, whisking skirts with a prophetic eye. I have not seen her yet, thank goodness, though her prototype dwells not a hundred yards from here. She is eminently ungraceful. Her hair is clipped close to her head, her coat is from Pool's, her skirt is appallingly brief. Bowler, cane, skirt, tie and cigarette complete this charming picture. Oh, Prototype, can Posterity be more shamelessly masculine than you?

However, I believe that it is only in Great Britain, in our own country, and perhaps Russia, that this new phase of feminine aberration will ever take effect. Can one imagine Mademoiselle willing to forego the charms of Worth for the harder outlines of a Bond street tailor? Can the mind conjure up a shy Madchen in knickers? Never! The Crinolone Craze has somewhat cooled, the Empire Eruption has died a natural death, then let us hope that the Trouser Tremor and the New Woman will be consigned to oblivion and duly numbered among the Follies of the Age.

LONDON, NOV. 2.

PHILLIPPA.



Trading Canoes in the New Guinea Lagoon.

Short Stories Retold.

When Sir Thomas More was about to be beheaded the scaffold seemed to him to be insecurely put up and in mounting it he said: "I pray you to see me up safe, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself!"

As an indication of what war used to be, we have an expression used by even so valiant a man as Henry V. of England. When he was overrunning France he was waited upon and implored not to burn the towns and villages through which he passed, and where he met with no resistance. "Bah!" he replied, "would you have me eat my meat without mustard?"

In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French soldiers were left wounded among the dead in the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after long silence, offered him consolation. "My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God is on the cross and our king on the scaffold, and if you have strength to look at him, now speaks to you strength to look at him, and legs are shot away, you will see that both are legs are shot away."

When John C. Calhoun became Vice-President of the United States, and consequently President of the Senate, he announced that he had not the authority to call the senators to order each senator as an ambassador from a sovereign state. The eccentric senator from Virginia took advantage of John Randolph's ruling to abuse him personally. One day Calhoun began a tirade by saying, "Mr. Speaker, I mean Mr. President of the Senate, and in his infinite mercy avert!"

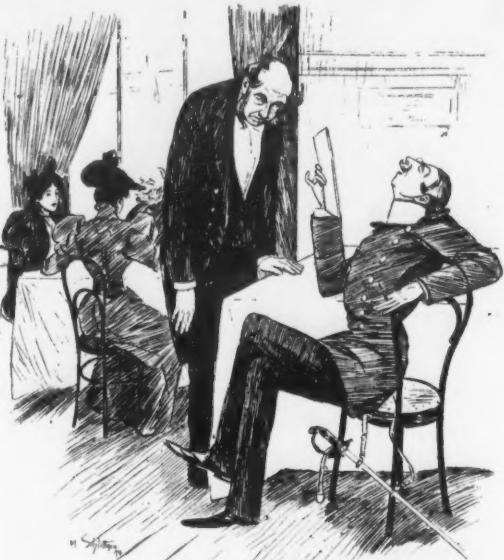
A visitor at an Irish country house once asked a new under-keeper from Connaught for a colleague from the County Clare that he had been leading to his last employer's residence was forty-two miles long. "Be me soul," said the Clare man, "it's not myself that would like to be set down at the lodge gates on an empty stomach within half an hour of dinner-time." After some further conversation, the Connaught man began to dilate upon the splendor of his late master's family. He reached a truly dramatic climax by saying: "An' every night of their lives at home the ladies strip for dinner."

At the Paris Conservatory, then under the direction of Cherubini, Berlioz was an unruly genius, and not in favor with his teachers, especially the precise and "classical" Cherubini. One examination day Cherubini was running over a piece which Berlioz had submitted, when he came upon a complete rest of two measures. "What is that?" he asked, in his usual ill-natured tone. "Mr. Director," said the pupil, "I wished to produce an effect which I thought could best be produced by silence." "Ah, you thought it would produce a good effect upon the audience if you suppressed two measures?" "Yes, sir." "Very good. Suppress the rest; the effect will be better still."

"An amusing thing occurred while I was at Yokohama," says a recently returned traveler. "An official notice of the Government had been published in the Japanese newspapers saying that all Chinese who desired to depart must do so by a certain date, or else remain until the war was over. Thereupon, Ah Shing, a large clothing dealer of 16 Water street, called all the Chinese together, and they all agreed to go. They got their goods to the dock and finally aboard a steamer, with themselves, and the steamer pulled out. At the last minute it was found that the wealthy merchant had held his goods and slipped back to the city. He at once resumed business, having got rid of all opposition merchants, and is now rolling in wealth because of the great business he is doing."

The young man had been to sea, and on his return was narrating to his uncle, an old Montgomeryshire farmer, an adventure which he had met with on board ship. "I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the ocean," he said, "when my gold watch fell from my fob, and immediately sank out of sight. The ship was going ten knots an hour, but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search found the watch, came up, and chased the ship, and climbed back to the deck without anyone knowing I had been absent." "William," said his uncle, "I believe thee; but there's many a thousand that would not." "What!" exclaimed William, "you are politely insinuating that I'm a liar!" "William," said the old man gravely, "these knows that I never call any body names; but if the Mayor of Welshpool were to come and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Montgomeryshire,' I would come to thee and put my hand upon thy shoulder, and say to thee: 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'"

Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, was over at the White House one day with some important papers for President Jackson to sign, among them being a court-martial finding. "Cass, what is this?" enquired Jackson, as he was about to write his name to the document. "It is a court-martial," answered Cass. "What have I to do with it?" asked the President. "It dismisses an officer from the service, and the President must sign such orders," Jackson toyed with the paper and said musingly: "Dismisses him from the army, eh? Why?" "Drunkennes; getting drunk and falling down on parade, or something of that kind," answered the secretary. "Who ordered the court?" asked Jackson. "General Scott," answered Cass. "Who is it?" enquired the President with more interest. "Inspector General Kraun," replied Cass. "What!" shouted Jackson: "my old friend Kraun! Cass, just read what that paper says." The secretary read the usual form of the court-martial sentence in such cases. The President then took the paper and wrote across the bottom, where he was about to sign his name: "The within findings are disapproved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank." He passed the paper back to Secretary Cass, and said, with his usual vehemence: "By the Eternal! Cass, when you and Scott serve



Lieut. Winkle—Aw! Walter! Bring me, let me see—half a duck. And say, waiter, see that the other half falls into distinguished hands.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

your country as well as that man has done, you can get drunk on duty every day."

A Tale of the Dragon.

Brave General Tao, from the land of Hong Ho, was famed from Peking to Hong Kong. He knew not defeat, nor would he retreat. From a foe, he was ever so strong; He cared not for Nordenfildts, Maxim or Lang. And he sneered at the underling Jap, So he swore by the pigtail of Viceroy Chang That he'd give the intruder a rap.

He marshalled his forces from Che Foo and Chwang, And Yau and Pongwan and Chow, And Yau Chung and Tuen Ming and Ning Po and Tsang, And the Black Flags of Sin Yang Kuo. With Generals Paowul, Jinkwei and Wang, Brave Tao marched ahead of the fray, A bee line they made for the town of Ping Yang, Which was ever so distant away.

In Pochill Bay, at anchor there lay The fleet of the terrible Tiger, Who had promised friend Tao to the battle to go, With his man-eating war ship, Gin Shing; At Ping Yang planned Tao to devour the foe Who had crossed from Shikoku to Soel, And he swore by the idol at Liu Hing Choo That he'd send every Jap into Soel.

But lo and behold! every Chinaman bold Has been swept from Moukden to Yung Hai, And the victors from Soel and also K'owka Have collectively grown a foot high; And now there are but a few Chinamen left, Not more than a billion or so; And since of brave Tao and Wei Jink they're bereft, The remainder will certainly go.

What joy there will be in the fields of Ohee, When brave Jappy soldier boys come, With the music of bands, pigtails to their hands, To the arms of Fish Tusk and Yum Yum!

—*Westminster Gazette*.

Styles in Stationery.

WHAT right stationery was the name given to anything so constantly changing as fashion changes in writing paper, it is hard to tell.

Certain fixed rules have prevailed, and are likely to prevail, as regards letter-writing, but no law has been laid down, even by Dame Fashion, as to what size or shape of paper and envelopes, what thickness or what color, is correct. Unruled paper is, of course, the only thing possible. To write with lines implies, to put it very mildly, a neglected education, and children are taught, as soon as they learn to write, that they must write on plain paper. Eccentricities of taste occasionally prevail for a time with some few women, and very large or very small envelopes occasionally come to one through the mail, or envelopes scented with some faint, and alas! occasionally some strong perfume. Tenets or letter stamped with the hall-mark of good-breeding is generally on a medium-sized, cream-tinted sheet absolutely without any fragrance about it, save a very faint one oforris root.

Bright blue paper or bright purple has lately been shown at the stationers' shops, paper that will fold not into square, but into oblong envelopes. It is a fancy that will not last. Crests, monograms, and coats-of-arms are all more or less affected, but the favorite ornamentation on any paper is the address stamped at the top of the first sheet in clear, distinct letters, not script. This is an excellent, sensible fashion, for the address of the writer is stamped at once upon the mind of the recipient. This stamping is used in all colors. On the bright colored papers white is pretty; red, dark blue, silver, gilt, bronze—one and all are fashionable. When the monogram, crest, or coat-of-arms is used it also is stamped in any color one wishes. Coats-of-arms look best in silver or gilt, though dark blue on cream-tinted paper is desirable and effective. On the envelopes there is never any-

thing put. There was an attempt to have the address also on the back of the envelope, but tradespeople adopted the plan at once and it was then tabooed as being too professional. All sizes of paper ought to be kept on hand on a well appointed writing table. Letter-paper of good size, note-paper, medium and very small, and even a few of the cards which fit into square envelopes should be within easy reach, and there should also be some thin large paper or pads for common use.

Paper is much cheaper than it used to be, so there is very little excuse for untidy letters written on half sheets, and folded into envelopes that do not at all correspond in color or shape. Five-quire packages of good paper with envelopes to match can be had for a very small sum, and the paper is either rough or smooth for the same price. A woman who has to consult economy will find it an excellent plan to keep on hand some cheap paper, as well as a limited amount of the finer and more expensive varieties for writing formal notes and answers to invitations. What is known as granite paper is inexpensive, and is accepted as being quite good enough for ordinary notes and letters. This cheap paper stamped with a pretty die is essentially refined, and never can be considered vulgar. The stamping of the address on such paper should never be of gilt, silver, or bronze. Red, blue, or black is the most suitable.

Writing-pads are capital things to use. The finest qualities of linen paper come in these pads of the right size to go into the small square envelopes, and when there are a great many letters to be written it is much easier to write them on a pad than to sit down at a writing-table to do it. It is always rather smart looking to seal a note or letter with sealing-wax: red, black and pale blue are the best to use. The appointments of a well fitted writing-table always include tiny wax tapers and pieces of sealing-wax. Postal cards are not in favor for correspondence. They are used only in giving orders or for business purposes. It never was particularly desirable to give out family affairs to the postmasters of the country, and yet when postal cards were much used, often the most private affairs were written at length upon them.

Writing with quill pens is not so much of a fad as at one time it threatened to be, but clear, legible handwriting should be cultivated, and there are two or three varieties of pens to be had at present which add greatly to the legibility of most handwriting. Colored inks are not used. Jet black is decidedly the thing. Last spring some few women who are very fashionable started a fad of writing on blue paper with white ink, having the address stamped in white. It was too fashionable to be popular, and was very quickly frowned upon by people of good taste. Invitation cards may certainly be included under the head of stationery. For teas and receptions, one's visiting card can be used with the day for the tea, either written or engraved just above the address. Invitations to formal dinners are often sent on cards, partly engraved and partly written, with the coat-of-arms or crest at the top of the card. These invitations, however, must be answered by written notes on the smallest note-paper. The small cards which are given to men to designate which lady they are to take into dinner at any dinner party are the same as last year, very small, with the name written, and the crest or coat-of-arms engraved, as on the dinner invitation. Dinner cards for the most formal entertainments are precisely like the small cards that have just been spoken of, while elaborate dinner cards, like elaborate menus, are entirely matters of individual taste. In all matters of stationery, as in almost everything nowadays, a quiet elegance is really the

best form, and paper should be noticeable only from its beauty and not from its conspicuousness.

LA MODE.

Score One for the Army.

There is always more or less rivalry between the army and navy, and probably there always will be. When men of either service can work off a joke at the expense of the other they never miss an opportunity. The navy officers are now telling one on the army.

It was at Fort Monroe, where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, that a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came aboard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can be so on board ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship twelve o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute:

"It is twelve o'clock, sir."

"Make it so," responded the captain, and eight bells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions, and got sold, or that this was a bit of foolery got up to joke the land warriors.

Some time after a party of the army officers invited the officers of the warship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered, and, saluting the senior officer present, said gravely:

"Colonel, the major's blind horse is dead."

"Make it so," responded the colonel with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, but the navy officers tell the story.—*Washington Star*.

For Law Makers.

Here is a Subject Worth Their Serious Consideration.

It Affects the Public Health, and Whatever Affects Health should be Investigated—Cold Facts Bluntly and Truthfully Stated—Let the Truth Be Known No Matter Whom It Hits.

To the close observer it often seems as though the days of the secret and worthless compounds are numbered. Every time the worthlessness of a secret mixture is exposed by the medical profession there is a public reaction in favor of the legitimate preparations which really have merit. The public is also gradually awakening to the possibilities, not only of fraud, but of actual harm in many preparations whose proprietors hide behind the inability of the chemist to trace the elements in their nostrums. The result is that people are becoming more cautious about buying new preparations, or old ones that are enshrouded in mystery.

If this truth were known, there are surprisingly few remedies in the market that would stand legislative investigation. This is made apparent, even to a layman, whenever it is proposed to require all proprietors to give information about their preparations before they will be allowed to offer them for sale. This suggestion, although prompted by public welfare, is as a bomb thrown in the midst of many remedies. This fact shows only one thing, which anybody can understand.

The public has a right to demand thorough investigation of everything sold to benefit health. If there is any reason whatever why any preparation should be taken only on a doctor's prescription, for the sake of public health this fact should be made known. If, on the other hand, a preparation is utterly worthless and will not do what is claimed for it, the public should not be allowed to be deceived.

One fact will surely stand. The proprietors who are afraid to have a public investigation of their preparations by a national health board created for the purpose, have some reason which makes it all the more imperative for such an investigation.

When the time comes for the public to demand action in this matter on the part of national legislators there is one preparation which will come out with flying colors. This preparation is Scott's Emulsion. For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has had the highest endorsement of the medical world. The formula for making it has been published for years in the medical journals, and as for there being anything secret about its ingredients, that is impossible, for every expert chemist can find out by an analysis everything that is in it.

Scott's Emulsion is both nourishment and medicine. It presents the medicinal properties of cod-liver oil in a form that is easy on the most delicate stomach, and sweet to the taste. Scott's Emulsion is good for a dyspeptic person, for it aids the digestion of other foods, and to all persons who suffer from any wasting condition Scott's Emulsion offers the most effective cure.

For all affections of throat and lungs, like coughs, colds, sore throats, bronchitis and consumption, Scott's Emulsion is invaluable. It soothes the throat, cures coughs and colds, relieves inflammation and possesses the power to overcome the wasting of consumption up to the late stage of the disease. Persons who have been so far gone with consumption that they have raised quantities of blood have been entirely cured by this great remedy.

For weak babies and children with wasting tendencies, Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians until it is a household word in hundreds of thousands of families. Scott's Emulsion gives strength. It enriches the blood, makes healthy tissue, restores a healthy action of the vital organs and nourishes a weakened system back to health and strength. All druggists sell Scott's Emulsion at fifty cents and one dollar. The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrapper and has our trade mark of a man carrying a fish on his back. Refuse inferior substitutes.

"Is this Bond & Co.?" "Yes. What is it?" "We have found that cipher telegram of yours that got lost. This is the telegraph office talking." "Well, what became of it?" "A new boy took it over to the office of the *Decade Magazine*. When the tracer found it there, they had it in type. Thought it was a new poem. Had the toughest kind of work getting them to give it up."

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the *Troy Budget* contains this item:

An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true:

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

The Wabash Line

Is positively the shortest and best route to the West and South-west. Passengers leaving Toronto by morning trains reach Chicago same evening and St. Louis next morning without change of cars, making direct connections for all points. Finest sleeping cars and day coaches in America. Ask your nearest railway agent for tickets over the great railway. Full particulars at north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, passenger agent.

Sentences Passed by the Judge

The seed is stronger than the soil. False alarms create false securities. Our pre-existent habits are our present tendencies.

In the whirligig of time someone must take the dust.

Life is a combination of which the secret is not given.

The mundane world is conducted on the defensive plan.

Fidelity is the conservative preserver of type custom and race.

When a thing is hard to endure something harder may come to make it easier.

If Nature were to disclose her processes man would have the audacity to patent her inventions.

Praise not a servant too greatly, lest he be puffed up and masterful; nor too little, lest he be discouraged.

Homely truths are like home remedies—apt at times, but applied upon every occasion whether they fit the case or not.—*Judge*.

Retrogression.

A large company was gathered at the table *d'hôte* as is usual in the modern romance.

The large lady had just troubled the bald gentleman for the vinegar.

"No," she was saying, "woman will not go backward."

"Except when she gets off a street car," observed the cynic, who had been hitherto silent.

The youth with the blond mustache got choked with his soup, but said nothing.—*Detroit Tribune*.

An aristocratic lady, meeting a beggar in rags, gave him her card, saying: "Here is my address. If you call at any time you can have some of my husband's left-off clothes."

A few days later she saw the poor fellow again in the street.

"Why did you not come as I told you?" "Please, ma'am, this is Wednesday, and on your card it said, 'At home on Thursdays.'"

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIR,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines. Coutts & Sons.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 65 years old. For two years I have been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

Write for gratis pamphlet to COUTTS & SONS, 25 Victoria St., Toronto. Head Office—London, Glasgow and Manchester (G.B.); Cologne, Germany; Aarau, Switzerland.

KOFF NO MORE

Watson's Cough Drops

Will give positive and instant relief to all those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists.

R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP

B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkinson Trust, the only trust that will cure permanently, has his office in the Royal House Block, Toronto. Those who are wearing Trusses of any kind, and more especially physicians, are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE ADAMS' PEPIN TUTTI FRUTTI FOR INDIGESTION. SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT 6 and 8 Jordan Street. This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the best Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1000. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way.

It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Our Weekly Original Story

The Ghost Seer.

A TALE OF SECOND SIGHT.

IT HAS never been explained to my satisfaction. I have never believed in ghosts, and yet—but I will tell you just how it happened.

Twenty years ago I was traveling from Toronto to a Western town. I was annoyed at being away from home, for it was my birthday, Oct. 31, and my wife had prepared an entertainment that evening. I am supposed to see objects, invisible to ordinary mortals, because I am a seventh son and born on Halloween. I had never experienced any effects of these circumstances, but it gave a delightfully eerie feeling to girls who dropped white of eggs in water or ate apples before a mirror to know that a real ghost-seer was present and might see his first ghost at any moment.

Therefore our Halloween party was generally a great success. The image of the warm cosy rooms, filled with a merry crowd, rose before me as I sat, moodily enough, in the car. It was about 11.30 p.m. I expected to be at my destination at midnight.

Suddenly the train slowed up and stopped. I looked out. "What's wrong?" I shouted to a passing brakeman.

"Landslide," he replied, without stopping. I got out and found a group of passengers around the conductor, noisily discussing the accident.

The track cut through a hill and a mass of earth had fallen from one bank, almost blocking the mouth of the tunnel through which we wished to pass.

Thanks to the brilliant moonlight we had escaped an upset, but a train, coming in the opposite direction, would be wrecked before the driver could distinguish anything amiss in the dark tunnel.

It was decided that a brakeman should climb through and run on with a red light, while the train returned to the next station.

But a difficulty arose. Neither brakemen would enter the tunnel alone. They said it was haunted!

A burst of laughter arose at this, but the men remained firm.

The tunnel was haunted and they would not enter it alone.

Meanwhile time was flying. The line back was clear, but would not long remain so. Two men could not be spared. The conductor stormed, the engineer swore, but to no purpose.

At last I volunteered to accompany one of the men. The offer was jumped at and in a few minutes the train retreated while I and John, the brakeman, began our journey.

"Look here," he said turning to me, "don't you speak a word till we get through. If you don't promise I'll turn back now."

The man's face was white and he was trembling. Clearly he was really alarmed. Till then I had suspected that his fear was assumed to escape an unpleasant duty.

"Oh, I won't talk," I said. "Don't worry yourself."

For some minutes nothing occurred. My companion's step grew more assured.

Suddenly I saw a woman walking in front of us. I did not speak, for I was quite sure the appearance was a natural one, and I had promised to be silent. I kept quiet, expecting John to notice the woman, but he did not do so. A chill crept over me. Was it possible he did not see her? She was just in front of him in the full light of the bull's eye he carried.

It was odd for any woman to be in that lonely spot at midnight, but for a lady, as this person appeared, it was most extraordinary.

She took no notice of us, though she must have heard our steps in the echoing tunnel.

We walked on in silence. At last I saw the moonlight again and I drew a deep breath of relief.

I looked for the woman, but she was gone. Where I had seen her, the moon shone brightly but there was no sign of her.

"Where is that woman?" I gasped.

"What woman?" replied John uneasily.

"There wasn't no woman."

I said no more, but he evidently thought I was hoaxing him.

"I can go on now," he said; "if you want to go to the city, there's the road up there."

He pointed to some steps that led up the south bank. I saw he wanted to get rid of me; perhaps he feared I would play on him some practical joke. I was glad of the chance of getting to a comfortable hotel, so I bade him good night and scaled the steps.

As I stood irresolute I saw the woman who had startled me in the tunnel. I was desperate.

"Madam," I said, "can you direct me to a village or town?"

She made no reply, but signed for me to follow her and passed up the hill.

Was she dumb? I did as she directed and we passed through iron gates into a garden.

That was a cold fall, but the garden was full of flowers, the air was heavy with their perfume and the ground bright with their beauty.

My guide passed over the lawn, up broad stone steps, into a house. I stared. Light streamed from every window. Shadows of dancers passed and repassed over the blinds. It seemed that some great function was taking place. I was ashamed to present myself in my travel-worn attire, but I knew my way to no other place. I went to the door and was about to ring, when my attention was taken by an evildoing man who passed through the hall, taking a lighted candle from its holder. Just then a child dressed in a fancy costume of some gauzy material ran laughing by. Unseen by any but me, the man deliberately held the candle to the skirt of the boy's dress. The flame caught, crept up, and almost instantly the child was enveloped in fire. He ran screaming down the hall.

The murderer ran with a heavy curtain and crushed out the flames, but he knew they had done their work.

I put my hand before my eyes to shut out the dreadful sight. When I removed it, house, garden and people had gone. Nothing was to be seen but the white road. Had I dreamt the tragedy? I do not know, but I know that in a lunatic asylum in this country gibbers an incurable maniac. He is watched by night and day to prevent his suicide. He will implore the attendants to kill him, to blind him or to take away that burnt child with the dreadful eyes. Why, he asks, do they not bury it or hide it? Why leave it with him staring—staring—then the building will ring with his screams. They pity him, for they say he was driven mad with grief at the accidental death of a little nephew, to whose property he would have succeeded but for his insanity.

TORONTO JUNCTION, NOV. 10. H. F. D'EEYE.

He Knew His Luck.

It was rather a pretentious hotel for the size of the place in which it was located, and seemed to be excellent in all its appointments. As the travel-stained man moved towards the desk he glanced around the office and shook his head gloomily.

"Room?" asked the clerk after he had registered.

He made another critical survey of the office, and then said:

"Can't tell just yet. I'll let you know after dinner."

Then he strolled into the reading-room and took a look about him there; went to the parlors and looked them over; and finally went into the dining-room. After dinner he went back to the office and asked if there was a telegram for him.

"Haven't received any," said the clerk.

"Shall I assign you a room now, sir?"

"No; it's no use," replied the stranger.

"Just let me know as soon as any telegram comes, please."

"Expecting an important message?" asked the clerk.

"Well, I wasn't expecting any until I looked the house over," returned the stranger, with a sigh. "Fine hotel you have here."

"We try to have everything first-class, sir."

"Best I ever saw for the size of the town. That's why I won't be here to-night. I'll get instructions from the office that will land me in some other town before night. Always do when I strike a place with a good hotel. Just my luck, you know."

About an hour later, when he entered the office again, the clerk handed him a telegram.

"I knew it," he said, as he looked at the envelope before opening it. "Is there a place near here where they have a measly little hotel with a dingy office lighted by one oil lamp, a dining-room with windows overlooking the rear doors of a livery stable, and dark, damp, little two-by-four bedrooms?"

"Well, the hotel at Millville is something like that."

"That's where I'll be to-night," he said as he opened the telegram. "What time does the first train leave?" he asked after he had read it.

"Where to?"

"Millville."

"Four o'clock."

"Let me know when the bus starts for it."

And he sat down in a corner of the office and looked as if he had lost his last friend.—Puck.

He Wanted Dry Bread.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.

"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.

"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."

"No'm. I don't want no money."

"Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't none yet."

"I don't even ask for none of your dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread."

She was touched.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie anyhow."

"No'm. I'd rather hev the dry bread."

"Do you like it?"

"No, but yer see me and the rest of the boys he's hustled aroun' till we've got a turkey an' some celery an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin', an' all we want now is jest the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."—Detroit Free Press.

When Women are Emancipated.

An Atchison wife has had a cruel truth told her by a heartless doctor. He said her husband would not live long unless he gets some rest. Last night, as she sat in an easy-chair and watched him take off his coat on coming from the office, put on a gingham apron and go to work cheerfully washing potatoes for supper and pounding steak, occasionally stopping to care for the baby, her heart smote her.

She noticed that he looked thin and careworn, and that he brought the bucket only half full of water from the well.

She spoke to him kindly and her heart smote her a second lash when he looked up surprised. Was it true that in the rush and worry of stirring the country up to political truths she had forgotten to be kind to him?

She kissed him tenderly when he handed her a cup of tea at the table and his eyes filled with tears; it was so long since he had heard a tender word. She pressed his biscuits; then he broke down and cried.

The result of this tender little scene was that

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the Only

Sarsaparilla

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

IT LEADS

ALL OTHER

BLOOD

Purifiers.

GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS FROM US BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

this morning the woman canceled all lecture engagements and resigned from all committees. She realized that since it would not do to hire a strong girl to assist him with the heavy housework, it will be better for her to stay at home and aid him by tender sympathy and loving words.

Oh, wives, take warning from this little tale. Speak gently to your husbands ere the cold closes over them, and it is too late. Praise their coffee and biscuit.

A kind word costs so little and never gets through traveling.—Atchison Globe.

"Kiss Me, Jack, And Let Me Go."

Once, long ago, I was witness to a duel in California. The two men had been bosom friends, but had quarreled about (of course) a woman. Splendid fellows both—young, brainy and ambitious. As they stood in a clear space among the pine trees near Sacramento, pale as lilies, steady as rocks, weapons in hand waiting for the word, the rising sun shining alight the line of vision, they presented a picture too often seen in 1856. The pistols cracked almost simultaneously. One man stood erect, evidently untouched; the other fell upon his back and lay straight and still. Seconds, surgeons, and spectators rushed to his side. He was "all there," mind as well as body. "No, don't disturb me," he said coolly to the doctor. "I'm shot fatally and shall die in five minutes. Call Jack and be quick." Pistol still in hand, his antagonist came and bent over his erstwhile chum. The excitement among the crowd was intense; the dying man alone was calm. "Jack, my darling old boy," he said, "forgive me and forgive her. Kiss me and let me go." A minute more and he was dead, with Jack lying across his body, crying like a baby.

After I have told you another and very different story, I'll show wherein they teach the same lesson.

There is no tragedy in this one; nevertheless it is of wider human interest than the other. A woman had been ill more or less all her life. The details are commonplace enough and yet they will appeal to millions who care nothing for the jealousies of young men in love.

"At times," she says, "I suffered from pains at the back of the head and a sense of weight, and felt tired and weary, yet it was not from work only. I had a strange feeling, too, of something hanging over me, as of some evil or danger that I could not explain or define."

"My appetite was variable; sometimes I could eat anything and again I could not touch any food at all. But I was never laid up, as it were."

Please note the last sentence. It may seem the weakest, but really is the strongest point in this lady's statement. We will tell you why in a moment.

She goes on: "Still I was often in misery, but got along fairly well until August, 1890, when I had a severe attack of rheumatism. First the great toe of my right foot and the thumb of my right hand grew hot and painful. After a time the trouble extended to my back and hips. I could not straighten myself; I was almost bent double. Month after month I was like this, getting little or no sleep at night. Medical treatment proved of no benefit to me. In December, 1891, the pain almost drove me mad. My face was swollen to nearly twice its natural size, and my eyes were so covered by the enlarged lids that I could scarcely see. There was a constant ringing in my ears, and the doctors said I had erysipelas. For days and days I could not walk across the floor, and for some time I was able to move about only by taking hold of the furniture or other objects. When all other means had been tried and had failed Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was recommended to me. A single bottle did me a deal of good. I kept on with it, and soon was stronger and in better health than for forty years previously. I still take an occasional dose and continue in good health notwithstanding my age (48), and the 'change of life.' I tell everyone what the Syrup has done for me, and give you permission to publish what I have said. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs. MARY JANA MILLER, 13 Walker's Buildings, Brewery Lane, Thornhill Lees, near Dewsbury, Yorkshire, October 12, 1892."

Now for the lesson of both these incidents: what is it? This: that it is not people in desperate extremities who suffer most. Pain is in proportion to the resistance to disease. Those who surrender, who are in despair, who give up, have present punishment largely remitted. Dying persons are the most comfortable of all. Hopelessness and dissolution administer their own antidotes. Those who are not laid up, who are able to work and struggle, need pity and help. This lady was a friend, and to such Mother Seigel always proves a friend.

Taken For Granted.

"The difference between the old and new schools of nursing is even more marked than that between the modern system of medicine and that in vogue in the days of our grandfathers," said Dr. Pulsar at the club the other evening.

"Perhaps you will understand this better if I tell you a little bit of my experience in the matter. This morning I visited a patient who had a trained nurse."

"On my arrival I inspected the chart, which had been carefully filled in by the nurse, giving me all the information I could desire about the sick woman's pulse, temperature, respiration, etc., taken at regular and frequent intervals during the night. By Jove! she had almost put down every time the woman had breathed!"

Imperial Table Wine

Recommenced by the Medical Profession for Invalids.

40c. PER BOTTLE. \$2 PER GALLON

BROWN'S HOTTCH WHISKY—SPECIAL

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TEA, 25c. per lb. worth 40c. COFFEES, 50c. per lb.

NEW FRUITS—All kinds just arrived.

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"EL PADRE"

-PINS-

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD TEN CENT CIGAR

At once I knew as much about the case as if I had never left the bedside for a moment.

"After that I went to another house where they had a nurse of the old-fashioned family sort. Here of course I had no written details to guide me and had to resort to cross-questioning the nurse."

"Her replies were rather hazy and unsatisfactory until I asked whether the patient had slept well during the night."

"Oh, yes, Doctor; I guess she must have," said the nurse amiably; "she didn't wake me up!"—Life.

Judgments.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a falsehood. Only a morbid mind is on the lookout for slights.

Silent people are misunderstood, and they deserve it.

He who gathers no wisdom from experience has no future.

Beware of a man when he begins to disparage himself.

Never let thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth badly.

Wise men eat their words; fools chew them and spit them out again.

No man is lovable unless he has some womanly qualities, and no woman is respectable unless she has some manly ones.

What we call luck in our neighbor's case and special Providence in our own is probably but a fortunate accident in either.—Judge.

But She Did Worry.

The lawyer, who had been married for only a year, sent word to his wife that he had been suddenly called to Milwaukee. "I will be back to-morrow," he wrote. "Don't worry. My stenographer goes with me."

But she did worry. When he reached home that evening her eyes were red from weeping, and as soon as she saw him she broke down again. "Oh, how could you!" she sobbed.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"Your stenographer—" she began, and again she sobbed.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Him? Was it a man?"

"Why, yes; I fired that girl a month ago."

"Oh, dearest! I never believed it for a moment, anyway."—Chicago Record.

True to the Life.

One morning a banker stepped into his office and most effusively greeted his book-keeper, who had entered his service just twenty-five years before, at the same time handing him a closed envelope with the remark: "This is to serve you as a memento of the present occasion." The grateful recipient did not venture at first to open the envelope, until encouraged to do so by a nod and smile from his employer.

Why Have a Pale Face?

There is no ailment more prevalent than Anæmia, or Poverty of Blood, which is the cause of many colorless cheeks we see at the present day.

An Anæmic person may be known by a pale, waxy, and bloodless complexion, and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits and fatigues, offensive breath, headache, pains in the side and back, palpitation and coughs.

Anæmia is in which takes the lustre from the eyes, the rosy hue from the cheeks, the cherry color from the lips.

To restore these all that is necessary is to send 50 cents to LYNAM BROS. & Co., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box of Jolly's "Buckeye" Pills, containing 30 doses, easy to take, and sufficient to cure.

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WORKS, 123 Richmond Street W. Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Rugs, etc. Crapes reserved. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 655.

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Delivered Twice Daily.

We make a Specialty of Whipping Cream.

KENSINGTON DAIRY, 465, YONGE ST.

And what do you think it contained? The banker's photograph—that, and nothing more.

The book-keeper was dumb.

"Well, what do you think of it?" his principal enquired.

"It's just like you," was the reply.—L'Avenir de Carignan Marquise.

She Was Handicapped.

Such a serio-comic sight was a little maid of about three years at Manhattan Beach the other day. The poor baby, who was near-sighted and wore spectacles, wanted to paddle in the water and spoil her russet shoes. Her nurse had been forbidden to take them off, so baby set up a howl and finally sobbed out: "Take 'em off, Mary." I thought she meant the shoes, but she went on: "Take off my spetttles so I can cry!"—New York Recorder.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthful sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

Small Bottles, 15c. Large Bottles, 25c.

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Music.

MR MOODY, the famous evangelist who is now conducting meetings in this city, has been delivering himself upon the subject of music as he understands, or rather misunderstands it. He is reported to have remarked during the course of his address the other evening that "It was a false idea that people wanted high-toned, classical music. Ordinary people wanted the other kind. They did not know where much of this classical stuff came from or where it went to." Mr. Moody should, perhaps, not be taken too seriously when he invades the realm of music and poses as an authority on classical "stuff" and the alleged tastes of the people concerning it, but his remarks suggest a few thoughts regarding the insipid jingles which he associates with his own earnest, impressive and at times classical addresses. The fate of these weak and ephemeral creations is not difficult to prophesy. They all go the way of their sickly kind and pass into oblivion after a brief and very harmless existence. Unlike a grand old classical hymn or anthem which has weathered the storm for generations and still serves as a beacon light for seekers after the truth, there can never be any doubt as to the ultimate fate of the musical monstrosities perpetrated by professional gospel hymn writers whose doggerel rhythms and effeminate ditties are a reproach to the dignity and purity of the Christian religion. Leaving aside the momentary excitement occasioned among an average audience by the thoughtless "hurrah" of an ear-tickling gospel hymn, I fancy that even Mr. Moody would hesitate to deny the more powerful inspiration and the more lasting good accomplished by the nobler hymns and chorals of classical writers such as are sung and preferred by the "ordinary people," as he terms them, in this city. The so-called hymns and other inflections by such writers as Sankey, McGranahan, Stebbins and other offenders will long be forgotten when the equally simple but pure and dignified compositions of Luther, Wesley, Sullivan, Dyke, Stainer, Barnby and others are sung by every believer and seeker. Mr. Moody's pretended conception of music would not prove much of an inspiration to many of us to strive for the better land did we feel that the vulgar clap-trap which Mr. Moody praises, and not the music of Palestrina, Bach, Handel and others of the great and glorious masters of music, should prove an index of that wonderful service of praise we all hope to participate in there.

One of the most energetic and successful of local vocal teachers is Mrs. J. W. Bradley, choir director of the Berkeley street Methodist church and teacher of the voice at the Conservatory of Music and Whitby Ladies' College. A recital by her Conservatory pupils in the music hall of that institution on Thursday evening of last week afforded an excellent opportunity of judging of the results of her methods as exemplified in the work of the young singers who took part in the programme. It is a pleasure to testify as to the general proficiency displayed on this occasion, both as regards the quality of tone produced and the careful cultivation of details which contribute so largely to finished performances. The evident natural talent of a number of the pupils participating was also a noticeable feature of the recital, some of the names having become familiar through their frequent mention as successful soloists in concert work, both in the city and throughout the province. Solo and concerted numbers were contributed by the following pupils: Misses Dora McMurry, Ella Robbins, Edna Moore, Mabel Rook, Ada Vazant, Bessie Findlay, Mrs. J. A. McGolpin, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, the clever young tenor, and Master Percy Hambly, the well known boy soprano. Piano numbers were admirably rendered by Misses Florence Brown, Mabel Bertram, and Margaret Lovell, and further interest and variety was lent the occasion through the clever performance of several mandolin numbers by Mrs. H. W. Webster and her pupil, Miss Lillie Cottano.

Herr Klingensfeld, the well known solo violinist and teacher of the violin, requests me to state that he has resigned his position as a member of the faculty of the Toronto College of Music, and will in future receive applications for instruction at his studio in Messrs. Nordheimer's building, King street east.

Miss Minnie Gaylord has received the appointment of solo soprano at Lafayette avenue Presbyterian church, Buffalo, at an initial salary of \$800 per annum. The position, which is one of the most important in Buffalo, was won after a keen competition, in which many prominent American vocalists were represented. Miss Gaylord's success is therefore no slight tribute to her talent and ability. Miss Gaylord has placed the management of her concert work in the hands of the Canadian Musical Agency, who already report several engagements, her appointment in Buffalo making it possible for her to devote a portion of her time in keeping up her well established Canadian concert connection.

The Canadian Musician, which is published monthly by Messrs. Wainley, Royce & Co., is to be enlarged and generally improved, both critically and typographically, to an extent which will place it on the same high level as many of its older exchanges. Mr. J. Lewis Browne has accepted the editorship of the journal, a position for which he is eminently qualified.

The Metropolitan College of Music, of which a preliminary notice appeared in this column last week, has so far progressed in the details of its organization as to announce its opening on Monday next, November 19. A number of our prominent musicians have associated themselves with the new institution, among whom might be mentioned Mr. J. Lewis Browne, who has been chosen musical director, Messrs. Klingensfeld, Webster, Madame Klingensfeld, Mrs. S. Hunter, Miss Lauretta A. Bowes and others. Mr. H. M. Field, the well known piano virtuoso, has been engaged as examiner in the piano department. The locale of the new college will be 1494-96 Queen street west. I am requested to state that the Metropolitan College is in no way connected with any other Toronto school of music. It will have its own

charter of incorporation and be governed by an influential board of directors.

In the first concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, which will be held at Massey Music Hall on Tuesday, January 15, the committee have engaged Madame Lillian Blauvelt of New York, one of the most attractive and popular prima donnas before the American public at the present time. The Beethoven Trio, Messrs. Field, Klingensfeld and Ruth, have also been engaged to assist. Subscription lists have been placed in the hands of members of the society and the leading music stores. Madame Blauvelt is in great demand in all parts of the United States, and her appearance with the Mendelssohn Choir will compensate the public for their disappointment in not hearing her with Seidl. This will also probably be her only appearance in Toronto this winter.

The Ysaie concert mentioned last week is to take place in the Pavilion on December 4, instead of Massey Music Hall as erroneously stated. The subscription list at Messrs. Nordheimer's is rapidly filling up.

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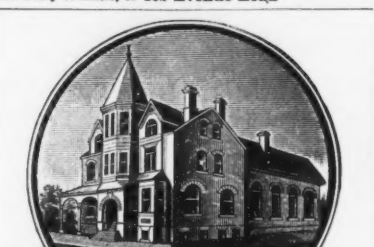
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Social and Personal.

On Sunday afternoon the troops from Stanley Barracks and the city regiments attended afternoon service in the Pavilion. The service was read by Canon DuMoulin, who preached a fine sermon on the four centuries of gospel fame. A little party of ladies were admitted by order to the galleries, but the scarlet, blue, and green-coated soldiers with the bonnie kilts in full array, filled the large hall and galleries. Mrs. Hay, Mrs. and Miss Bruce, Mrs. Dilamere, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mr. Barwick, Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Miss Oster, and two or three others were the only outsiders present. They much enjoyed the Canon's address to the men, and the fine singing of several well known hymns. The day turned out raw and chilly and there were no laggards on the march home. The officers and men turned out in fine force and were admired on the march by thousands of civilians.

On Friday evening the prizes won by the Royal Grenadiers at the Military Tournament were presented after Colonel Oster had finished his inspection. A gallery full of invited guests, both ladies and gentlemen, were on hand at half-past nine, and Mrs. Mason and Mrs. John D. Hay were asked to commence their pleasant duty of presenting the loads of silverware and other prizes to the successful competitors. The Armoury resounded with hand claps and occasional cheers as the men marched up and received from the Colonel's or Major's fair lady something tangible as the reward of their prowess. The regiment formed three sides of a square, with the trim captains in front of each company, and the enthusiasm reached its climax when the cups won in the tug of war against the brawny Highlanders were presented. Captain Irving, whose little finger is generally supposed to have been largely instrumental in securing the Grens' victory, was visibly proud of the success of his team. Among the visitors were: Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Croll, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Higman, Mrs. Lumsden, Miss Walker and Colonel and Miss Dawson.

Numbers of people are going to the New England Thanksgiving luncheon at St. James' schoolhouse on Wednesday, where there are to be all sorts of delightful things. Turkeys and chicken pies, pork and beans, with Boston brown bread of course, not to mention pumpkin, custard and cranberry pies, all after the correct and cultured fashion of Massachusetts, and whisper—the charge is very moderate—nice little tables are arranged for luncheon parties of four or six.

Miss Fanny Burchard Yale and Rev. George Nattress, rector of the Church of the Mediator, Kingsbridge, N.Y., will be married on the evening of Tuesday next, November 20, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Henry C. Yale, No. 52 West Thirty-ninth street, New York city. Bishop Potter will perform the ceremony. The bride will wear a rich gown of white ribbed silk, trimmed with fine lace and clustered orange blossoms. Miss Mary Burrill of Bartow-on-the-Sound, the maid of honor, will be attired in white silk, with ruffings of yellow chiffon, and the bridesmaids, Misses Estelle Ferris of Nyack-on-the-Hudson and Augusta Smith of New York, will be dressed in pale yellow silk and chiffon. Mr. George Nattress of Delaware Water Gap and Rev. Dr. McGill of Yonkers are to be the ushers. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends will witness the ceremony, which will be followed by a reception. On the return of Mr. Nattress and his bride from their honeymoon jaunt, they will live at the rectory of the Church of the Mediator at Kingsbridge. The bride is a grand-niece of the late Dr. Burchard.

The Misses Macfarlane of Jarvis street gave a very delightful young people's tea on Saturday of last week, at which many debutantes of the night before were present.

Miss Veale gave a very pleasant tea on Saturday.

The engagement of Mr. Al. Irwin and Miss Lizzie Howard has been announced.

Mrs. Louis Freeman Jackson of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. Maurice Macfarlane of Jarvis street.

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, who has been rather an invalid for some months, is now, I am glad to note, restored to health. Mrs. Merritt is at her pretty home on Huron street, where she receives on Fridays.

Victoria University will hold their annual conversation on Friday, December 7, and much pleasure is in store for those fortunate enough to be bidden thereto.

A number of visitors were favored with a peep at Mr. O'Brien's pictures of Grand Manan and other far Eastern scenery on Saturday afternoon, at the studio on College street. Mr. O'Brien's new departure into oils has convinced the critics that he is even more successful with the new medium than he was with

SIX WEEKS

From Tuesday—Christmas. One can hardly realize that this, the grandest of all festivals, is so near.

Already we have laid aside many desirable articles for Holiday Gifts.

Don't miss seeing our display. Price and quality considered, places us Leaders of the trade in

DIAMONDS
WATCHES
and JEWELRY

Davis Bros.
130 and 132 Yonge Street

water colors, and the summer's rich harvest of beautiful pictures evoked much admiration from his friends. Effects of fog, cloud and mist were delicately and charmingly handled, and the private view was a rich treat.

Dr. and Mrs. Nattress left on Thursday for New York, where they will attend the wedding of Rev. George Nattress on Tuesday.

Catering

Our facilities for serving Receptions, Weddings, etc., are complete in every detail. Estimates furnished.

Silver, Cutlery, Linen, etc., for hire. All the latest novelties in Table Decoration.

GEO. S. McCONKEY
27 & 29 King St. West.

At Home Cards OUR facilities for the production of stationery suitable for any of the varied uses of Society are adequate to almost any occasion. Our experience may be of use in the way of suggestion, and should quickness be a necessity it can be had.
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Visiting Cards.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
12 KING ST. WEST
FINE STATIONERS AND BOOKSELLERS
(Successors to Retail Department of Hart & Riddell)

TAYLOR'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACTS
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF
SPECIAL ODORS
Special White Rose
Gonne Bouquet
Euphonia Bouquet
Double Palma Violet
White Hyacinth
Italian Clover
Lilac Blossom
Sweet Pea
John Taylor & Company.
PERFUMERS & DISTILLERS
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Pianos
Commend themselves
to the shrewd buyer
A. & S. NORDHEIMER
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Factory: 6 & 8
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Massey Music Hall
Under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Major Henderson and H. Co. 48th Highlanders

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY
The eminent Novelist and Journalist and War Correspondent of "The London Times," in his delightful entertainment

PEACE AND WAR
Christie Murray at Home
.. NOVEMBER 27th ..

Admission 25 cents; Reserved seats 35, 50 and 75 cents. For sale by Members of 48th Highlanders and Star of Bethlehem Tent Knights of the Maccabees.

ACADEMY KING STREET THEATRE
MATINEE EVERY DAY
WEEK NOV. 12
SHERMAN & MORLEY'S COMEDIANS IN
"A JAY CIRCUS"
Introducing more FOREIGN NOVELTIES than any Show on the Road
PRICES—Evening, 15 to 50 cents; Matinee, best seats 25 cents; Gallery, 15 cents.
NEXT—SAM JACK'S CROOKS

Tailor
Made
Fine Alaska Seal Coats SPECIALTY
J. HARRIS, Furrier
71 King Street West - TORONTO

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE
One Week, Commencing Monday, Nov. 19
MATINEES TUESDAY, THANKSGIVING AND SATURDAY

KIMBALL OPERA
CORINNE THE PERLESS
and
60 People 60
IN THE BIG OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA
HENDRICK HUDSON
Presented on the Same Scale of Matchless Magnificence the Same
Great Cast, Gorgeous Scenery
Costumes, Electric and Calum Effects
As Seen During the SIX MONTHS' RUN IN CHICAGO, THE WORLD'S FAIR
500 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK CITY. EIGHT EKS IN BOSTON
A Complete Production—Not One Moment
The Brightest Features of OPERA, Comedy, Burlesque and Spectacle
Brilliantly Blended

Fifth Annual GRAND Chrysanthemum Show
—AT—
HORTICULTURAL PAVILION
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
November 20, 21, 22 (Thanksgiving) and 23
Promenade Concert Every Evening and Afternoon Thanksgiving Day
ADMISSION 25 CENTS CHILD 15 CENTS

Ancient Order of Foresters' Concert
MASSEY HALL
Thanksgiving Night, Thursday, Nov. 23
Arnes Knox, Elocutionist; Miss Lilli Kleiser, Soprano; Mr. H. M. Blight, Baritone; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Tenor; Mr. Jas. Fox, Humorist; Mr. W. Morrison, Cornetist; Mrs. H. M. Blight, Accompanist and Organ Soloist.
Tickets 25 cents. Seats reserved without extra charge. Plan open at Box Office on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 20th and 21st, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

HERALDIC
Designs in Leather and Glazed Effects, for HALLS.
Pressed and Embossed Papers for DRAWING-ROOMS. Japanese and Anaglypta, for DINING-ROOMS. Silks for Bedrooms. A large stock at
ELLIOTT & SON'S
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High Class Photographer
Opposite Post Office
HAMILTON Canada
We make any kind of a Picture that can be made.
Orders for Xmas should be sent in at once. Photos from 22 to 50c. per dozen.

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THE POPULAR NOVELIST
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BAIN'S
53 King Street East - Toronto
Send for Catalogue.
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R. WOLFE The Leading Ladies' Tailor of the Dominion
107 Yonge Street
Is showing the largest stock of Ready Made Mantles to be seen in the Dominion. Over 300 styles, all our own designs, and all made on the premises. Any lady can have a mantle made to order without extra charge; it and finish guaranteed the best. We manufacture Ladies' Furs and rounded the same in any of the leading styles. Our tailor made Costumes are not to be equalled for fancy style and fit.
Our millinery is the latest from Paris and New York, besides our own exclusive styles; and prices are moderate. We have an elegant stock of Capes, golf and military, with and without fur trimming, from 85 up. Kindly favor us with a call. Mail orders receive careful attention.
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TRY ONE AND YOU WILL ALWAYS TAKE THEM.

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This beautiful and attractive audience chamber, seating about five hundred, is on the ground floor, and is available for Lectures, Concerts, Musical Recitals, Banquets, Receptions, Weddings, Receptions, Afternoon and Evening Social Entertainments, Sunday Services, etc.
Lighting, Heating, Ventilation and Acoustic properties excellent. Convenient Refreshment and Dressing Rooms, Lavatories, Kitchen with cooking range and other accessories. A smaller Room, seating about one hundred, also on the ground floor. Commodious and handsomely furnished Lodge and Meeting Rooms on the first and second floors. Rentals moderate. Apply to J. E. PELL, Secretary, On the premises.

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Preston Mineral Springs and Baths
Are a positive cure for Rheumatic and Nervous affections. Open the year round. The most beautiful place on earth to spend your summer vacation. For particulars apply—
R. WALTER, Proprietor, Preston, Ont.

Keep Your Eye on This
Neat looking feet are largely the product of neat looking footwear. Examine our Gents' Beanie Sole Tan Lace Boots for Winter wear. American Rubbers a specialty, unsurpassed for fit, style and lightness.
Ladies' Fall Boots arriving daily in all the newest styles. Overlaid from 50c.
H. & C. BLANCHARD
83 to 89 King St. East Toronto

ONE KIT ONLY
The MOZART PHONY CLUB
Pavilion, T. November 29
KLEISER'S COURSE
Plan at Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East at 10 a.m. Prices—\$1, 75c., and 50c.
Grand Banquet Reception
St. George's Hall, Nov. 27, at 8.15
On Tuesday Evening Nov. 27, at 8.15
A Mr. Frank D. Vocalist and Humorist, Solo Pianist (Edinburghian). Mr. F. P. 75c. at Nordheimer's. Ticket selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Liszt, Schumann, and original compositions by Mr. Frank Deane. One of the celebrated songs by Chevalier, will be introduced on this occasion by Mr. F. H. Wallace. A Banquet Grand from dinner.

Men's Fall and Winter
Boots and Shoes
AT
WALLACE'S
Yonge Street
Men's Boots, Calf and Hound, and all the latest styles in the city. In Ladies', all the new shapes. See our Men's Runners. See these goods before you buy—the finest goods in the Dominion shoe and turn.

Three Magnificent Premium Pictures with this year's Christmas No. of Saturday Night

Our Baby Grand ... Is the Piano

The best people in all parts of the Dominion pin their faith on.

Tone Quality Strength

Are all found here. We make bold to say, for the evidence is producible, that it has no competitor in home or foreign manufacture. It's at the top.

Heintzman & Co.
TORONTO: 117 King St. West

Social and Personal.

The prettiest wedding seen in Peterboro' for a long time was celebrated on Wednesday evening of this week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bradburn, the occasion being the marriage of their eldest daughter, Helen Maud, to Mr. Fred D. Hewson of the Bank of Toronto, Barrie. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Young, assisted by Rev. Mr. Torrance. The bride was handsomely gowned in white satin trimmed with Irish lace; she wore diamond ornaments, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Two little maids of honor, Misses Helen and Olive Bradburn, attended the bride, followed by six bridesmaids, of whom the first two, Miss Ada Dundas and Miss Isabel Kelso, were gowned in white silk, trimmed with Vandyke point lace and heliotrope ribbon. Miss Flo Helen and Miss Katie Hall were dressed in similar style, with canary ribbons, and Miss Mabel Bradburn, sister of the bride, and Miss Aggie Hall with rose pink ribbons. The bridesmaids carried shepherds' crooks, which they held up to form an archway, under which the bridal party passed on its way to the altar. The ceremony was witnessed by over a hundred guests, including many from New York, Toronto, Chicago and other cities. The groomsmen were Mr. Will Bradburn, a brother of the bride, and Mr. Halford Ardagh and W. D. Morton of Barrie were bride's and bridesmaids' ushers. A great many valuable presents were received by the bride, including a cheque from her father. After an elegant *dejeuner*, at which the health of the young couple was enthusiastically honored, a ball was given, the bride dancing in the opening set. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson left on the midnight train for New York and other Eastern cities, and on their return will take up their residence in Barrie. Mrs. Hewson was a great favorite in Peterboro' and will be much missed by her many friends.

One of the many pleasant teas of last week was given by Mrs. Osler of Avenue street.

Dr. F. Howitt arrived from Mexico on Tuesday on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Winstanley.

To those who love the cozier songs of Chevalier and who have heard them sung after a fashion by many well intentioned but mistaken vocalists, it will be a pleasure to listen to Mr. Wallace, who is to sing Mrs. 'Awkins and many other inimitable ditties at St. George's Hall on November 27. Mr. Frank Deane will be the pianist and the joint attraction is to receive very distinguished patronage. Mr. Wallace excels in the rendition of Chevalier's songs. He is an old countryman, being the son of the well known member for East Edinburgh.

Mrs. Riddell, who has recently taken a house on St. George street, received on Tuesday, and a number of friends called to pay their respects to this charming new hostess.

The flower of fall, the many hued chrysanthemum has been much in evidence this week. On Friday last Dunlop gave a charming floral fete especially for the glory of the flower of Japan, and people thronged his showrooms on King street. On Wednesday at Government House Mrs. Kirkpatrick had her drawing-rooms ablaze with magnificent golden-yellow sunbursts of bloom and great white balls of beauty. At the myriad teas roses are quite in the shade, and the regal chrysanthemum rules the revels. The climax will be reached next week, when the annual show will be held at the Pavilion under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Miss Phemie Smith gave a pretty luncheon on Wednesday. By the way, her younger sister, who has recently returned from England, was much sought after debutante at the Yacht Club ball.

Mrs. Wragge of Wellesley street gave a delightful tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy entertained at dinner on Thursday evening.

A very swaggy affair will take place on November 28, when Mr. and Mrs. James will give a dance at their charming home on the hill, and Benvenuto's gates will be thrown open to a very smart assembly.

A smart party of light-footed and gaily-dressed people are practicing the giddy twirls of the genuine Scotch Reel for St. Alb's High on November 30. The dancing put in a lull on Saturday and Sunday.

landers' armory on Kilm pictures and fac-sim of cover of the CHRISTMAS NUMBER now ready. Agents and canvassers wanted everywhere where not represented. Money is to be made canvassing for this Number.

hour's hard work on the various steps. I heard one fair lady frankly avow that she was far too stupid to learn these gyrations, but no one believes her, and I hope she will be of the number who will dance on the evening of the ball.

Mrs. J. D. King of Jarvis street will be at Home on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Beatty gave a delightful afternoon tea at her handsome home on Isabella street yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty gave a large dinner party on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Street of Walmer road gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Buntin of St. George street entertained a party of friends at dinner on Thursday last.

An original notion has amused a good many people this last week. "The Queen of Autumn" has sent out invitations to numberless smart people for a week's receptions from two to six at a well known conservatory. Well done, Miss Chrysanthemum!

A Great Furniture Auction.

Probably the greatest auction sale of household furniture and paintings that has ever taken place in Canada will be that of Messrs. Davies Brothers, who have instructed Messrs. Chas. M. Henderson & Co., to sell at their warerooms 231 and 233 Yonge street, commencing on Tuesday, Nov. 27 and following days, the largest assortment of Canadian, American, English and Parisian furniture ever offered at public auction. It will be a mammoth auction and will be conducted by Mr. Chas. M. Henderson personally.

A Fashionable Event.

The annual chrysanthemum show will be held in the Pavilion November 20 to 23, and promises to exceed in excellence all former exhibitions of its kind. The hall will be prettily decorated this year, one of the principal city florists having been given carte blanche as regards both expense and design. As usual, Thanksgiving day will fall on one of the show days, and no doubt holiday makers will take advantage of it to spend an hour or two at the Pavilion.

At the Academy.

A Jay Circus, which will appear at the Academy next week, is shrouded upon the old tent circus, yet in it so some performers of exceptional merit as well as much that is ludicrous. The Brothers acrobats are said to do one of the most thrilling trapeze acts ever seen in this country.

Residence for Sale.

ONE of the MOST PERFECT HOMES in this growing metropolis that is entirely new, truly superb, cabinet finished, brick stone, pressed brick, detached residence.

No. 170 Isabella St., N. W. cor. of Sherbourne.

Two elegant bathrooms, gent's private lavatory, exposed sanitary plumbing and combined water and hot air heating. Now is the very time to purchase. Rock bottom price; very small amount of cash paid and low interest. Ready for immediate occupancy. Apply to, or address, A. WILLIS, 1 Toronto St., cor. King. Tel. 1053. Would be glad to show to doctor or dentist this ideal location unsurpassed by any in Toronto.



OUR Pelee Island Wines are the best in the market. No winemakers less than two years old. Ask your Merchant, Club or Hotel for our St. James and Catawba Wines, and see that they get them.

J. S. HAMILTON & Co., Brampton, Ont. Sole General Agents.

A Hair \$14.00 Mattress

Nothing like it in first-class article, especially when you sleep; it pays in the end. The above Mattress made of Curled Hair and in Hair Ticks will wear you for years. Regular price \$16.00.

J. & J. L. MALLEY
1000 Street West

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ARE SHOWING A VERY LARGE COLLECTION OF

Fur Trimmed Cloaks and Capes



With either Quilted Silk or Fur Linings, suitable for the Street, the Carriage or the Opera.

Russian Cloaks
—Lined with Satin, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$20 up.

Fur Lined Cloaks
—\$9.50 to \$60.

Fur Lined Capes
—\$6 to \$50.

Handsome Opera Cloaks

—In the newest tints and colors, at all prices, \$15 to \$50.

Black Silk Mattalasse Cloaks

—Suitable for elderly ladies, fur lined, &c., \$30 to \$50.

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COAL AND LOWEST PRICES

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

BY CHAS. M. HENDERSON & CO.

\$80,000

WORTH OF THE MOST

Rich and Costly Canadian, American, English and Parisian

Household Furniture

Ever Submitted to Public Competition in Canada. Also

A Rare and Valuable Collection of Oil Paintings, by Celebrated Artists, Valued at \$15,000

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 27th, 28th, & 29th

AT THE MAMMOTH WAREHOUSES OF MESSRS. DAVIES BROTHERS

Nos. 231 and 233 Yonge Street, Toronto

The subscribers are favored with instructions from MESSRS. DAVIES BROTHERS (owing to their making extensive interior alterations to their premises) to sell by Public Auction on the above date, \$80,000 worth of rich and costly Canadian, American, English and Parisian Household Furniture, comprising in part: 75 Drawing-room Suites, upholstered in elegant silk brocade, Divans, Corner, Tete-a-tete, Fancy and other odd pieces; 35 Solid Leather Couches and Easy Chairs; over 150 Fancy Rockers; Rattan Goods in great variety; Leather Tapes and Easy Chairs; 35 Ladies' Davenport and Secretaries; over 100 Handsome Hall Hat Stands; over 150 Elegant and Highly finished Oak, Walnut, Cherry and other Bed-room Sets; over 125 China Chamber Sets; 200 Hair-mixed and other Mattresses; 300 Woven Wire Springs; 500 Feather Pillows; 150 Centre, Card, Hall, Library and other Tables; 125 Extension Dining Tables; Handsome and moderate charge. The goods to be offered are of the highest class and most modern styles. Every article will be warranted by the firm. The reputation enjoyed by the firm as dealers in high-class goods is a sufficient guarantee. Parties living at a distance and purchasing at this sale may have goods packed at very moderate charge. The whole collection will be on view evening previous to sale from 7.30 to 10.30. A chance in a lifetime of purchasing high-class goods. Sale precisely each day at 11 o'clock. CHARLES M. HENDERSON & CO., Auctioneers.

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Toronto's Great Carpet House

FINE NOVELTIES IN

Parlor Suites
Parlor Screens
Wood Carpets
Art Rugs
Eiderdown Tea Cosies and Quilts

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NEW FRENCH CRYSTALIZED FRUITS

McWILLIE'S PEAMEAL BREAKFAST BACON

For tenderness, flavor and sweetness is superior to any other bacon prepared in America.

McWILLIE'S PURE DRY ROAST COFFEE

At 35c. per lb., makes a perfect cup.

Send for Price List of our Holiday Goods—mailed free if any address.

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Mail orders receive our prompt attention.

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CAULDON CHINA

A Choice Selection of the Latest Designs in

Afternoon Cups and Saucers, Plates, Tea Sets, &c.

From this celebrated manufactory.

Some New Banquet Lamps and Shade

JUNOR & IRVING

49 King Street East

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MURRAY—Belleville, Mrs. John Murray—a son. MAY—Nov. 10, Mrs. Charles May—a daughter. MONTGOMERY—Nov. 9, Mrs. J. T. Montgomerie—a daughter. ROWLAND—On Nov. 12, the wife of Hotel W. Rowland executive engineer, Bombay, India (daughter of Washington of Toronto), of a daughter. WOOD—Nov. 7, William, Mrs. L. G. Wood—a son.

Marriages.

WALMSLEY—PALMER—Nov. 14, Horatio William F. Peter Walmsley to Mary Schfield Palmer. WARD—RAWSON—Nov. 7, Arthur Francis Sexton W. to Mabel Rawson. EVANS—SIMPSON—Nov. 10, Arthur M. Evans to Marga Simpson. CHAMBLIS—GROUARD—Nov. 6, Col. W. P. Chamblis to Mrs. H. Grouard. THOMPSON—BEATTIE—Nov. 7, George Thompson to Isabella Beattie. TAYLOR—PARNELL—Nov. 7, William Lewis Taylor to Mary Nelson Parnell.

Deaths.

BARKER—Nov. 11, James J. Barker, aged 60. O'NEILL—Nov. 12, Miles O'Neill, aged 51. PEARCE—Nov. 12, Mrs. J. E. Pearce. ROOP—Nov. 11, Margaret Isabel Roop, aged 3. SCADDING—Nov. 12, Nellie Davy Scadding, a widow. WHITFIELD—Nov. 11, Lucy Whitfield, aged 61. SEARLE—Nov. 9, Calab Searle, aged 55. LE ROSSIGNOL—Nov. 13, P. H. Le Rossignol, aged 24. CLARK—Nov. 8, James M. Clark, aged 60. HARRISON—Nov. 13, James Harrison, aged 78.

DR. G. L. BALL

DENTIST Tel. 213
Following dissolution of partnership, remains in Dr. B. King's late office, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets.

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Barlow Cumberland General Steamship and Tourist Agency

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Throughout America, British Isles and European Continent, by any route required. Persons desiring to visit any of the above countries may elect COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE, Agency Different 2nd Atlantic Lines from Canada and United States to Europe and European Continent and Mediterranean Sea. Trans-Pacific Lines, Mediterranean Lines and South Lines, together with every system of transportation in part of the globe. 73 Yonge St., Toronto.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO.'S LINE

For Southampton, shortest and most convenient route London. No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Connection as Southampton for Havre and Paris by special twin screw Channel steamer.
New York, Nov. 21, 11 a.m. Berlin, Dec. 5, 11 a.m.
Paris, Nov. 25, 11 a.m. New York, Dec. 12, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

For Antwerp, Wednesday, Nov. 21, 12 noon.
Rhyland, Wednesday, Nov. 28, 6 a.m.
Westernland, Wednesday, Dec. 5, 10.30 a.m.
Internat'l Nav. Co. 6 Bowling Green, New York.

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Agent, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto

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Express steamers weekly between New York and London, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Genoa and the Orient. Direct Route to Southern France, Italy, Switzerland and the Tyrol. Partial Equipments and Unrestricted Cuisine.

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Early reservation is absolutely necessary in order to secure accommodation.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

HUNTERS' EXCURSION

TO ALL STATIONS
MATTAWA, NEPIGON, SPANISH RIVER

AND INTERMEDIATE STATIONS.
NOV. 2 and 3

When ROUND TRIP Tickets will be sold for SINGLE FIRST CLASS FAIR

Good to return until December 1st, 1904.

Dogs, Guns, Personal Baggage, Camp Equipment (amount of \$100.00) will be carried FREE.